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SUPPLEMENT



A REVERIE.—(DRAWN BY ADELAIDE CLANTON.)

CHRISTMAS, 1871.

A FEW weeks ago, half of us were saying, according to a formula nearly as old as any customary inquiry after one's health, or matter-of-course remark about the weather, that we should have Christmas upon us before we could turn. The clock is on the point of striking; Christmas is here, and so are we, or else this article would neither be written nor read. It is, or within a few hours will be, Christmas of A.D. 1871, and the actual present Number of the ILLUSTRATED TIMES is entitled accordingly.

These truisms being disposed of, let us proceed to congratulate each other upon the fact that the course of time, by which we mean the beat of the pendulum, or that which it measures, is not the only thing which remains as it was, or pretty much so. The generations of the earth begin and end; million after million passes to "the majority;" the Stone Age, the Iron Age, Egypt, Phœnicia, Greece, Rome, the Goth, the Hun, the Frank, the Saxon, the Yankee—they all leave their mark, and either already are, or presumably will be, seen no more. But the sun rises and sets; the stars keep their courses, and long after every Siser against whom they ever fought has become an impalpable gas, the earth remaineth, a habitation for the children of men. And when we speak of a dead man, we can only say he is gone to the majority; *ad plures*, because we forget the future, and its far-stretching perspective.

"No more sights!" exclaimed the startled and terrified Macbeth. But, for our part, having nothing to do with either ghosts or hags, our language this Christmas is different. True, there may be something "brewing" for our readers, but no witch-broth. The King is dead—long live the King! The ancient chimes of peace and good-will will ring this year as they have done a great many years before; and we hope to carry our readers forward into a new year that shall, in the words of the Laureate, "ring out" some things that neither they nor we care to prolong, and "ring in" much that we shall all be willing to keep. And if our hope should come true, why, we shall have to write another Christmas greeting next year to the old refrain of "The King is dead—long live the King!"

THE STREETS OF LONDON.

Few readers, we dare say, will wish, this week, to have their attention called to knotty points touching public affairs, foreign or domestic; so we shall forbear politics, and not even yield to the temptation, strong though it be, to comment upon the fresh complications that are constantly cropping up in France and the new difficulties that present themselves to the institution of a really good, and stable system of government in that country—complications and difficulties which are the product, chiefly, as it seems to us, of lack of wisdom in the rulers, as of real patriotism in all, and an intensification in the Assembly of that tendency to self-seeking and party passion so strongly characteristic of our neighbours.

But the means of safe and decently-comfortable locomotion concern everyone in this metropolis, especially at a season like this, when people are necessarily moving about out of doors in much greater numbers than usual. And can that necessary locomotion be accomplished under the conditions of safety and comfort we desiderate? Not, certainly, in the streets of London just at present. The perils of the streets are always great. People make their daily pilgrimages in this metropolis in fear and trembling, for their lives and limbs are at no moment safe. The grandly indifferent creatures who navigate hansom cabs and goods-vans, heavy and light, in whose eyes human life seems of no more value than it is in those of a Chinese Mandarin, are just now in full occupation, and career along our thoroughfares as though these had been made for their sole use and for no other purpose. Woe betide a poor pedestrian who comes in the way of Jehu, whether of the cab or the van, in these holiday times, when fares are plentiful and parcels to deliver many; when, consequently, time is precious to Jehu aforesaid, who, in such circumstances, does not feel at all called upon to see that "crossings" are clear ere he dashes over them, and to whom a broken limb or even a life expended—if life or limb belong not to Jehu—are of no moment as compared with a few minutes gained! We know that it is no use to ask those gentlemen, of their own motion, to moderate their rage for furious driving; but perhaps "the authorities" may think it worth while to be "alive to the fact" that at holiday seasons the streets are more than ordinarily thronged; that cab and van traffic is more than usually brisk; and that, consequently, some few precautions against street accidents are desirable.

And those streets themselves, in what state are they? In just about as bad case as it is possible for them to be. It is, we suppose, somebody's duty to see that the thoroughfares of London are cleansed; but certain we are that nobody performs that duty. The footpaths have for days past been covered with a thick, slippery paste, over which it is next to impossible to make progress; while the roadways have been one continuous ocean of mud, which passing vehicles continually splash upon the footway and over the unlucky occupants thereof. No real effort seems ever to be made to keep the streets of London in a decently passable state in winter: if snow falls, we are deluged with slush; if rain descends, we are smothered in mud. There is a popular superstition current, we believe, that the footpaths should be cleansed by the occupants of the houses and shops on which they abut, and that the roadway should be cleared of filth by a mysterious order of beings called "contractors;" but it is a mere superstition—a delusion, for neither the one thing nor the other is ever effectively done. Now and then, and here and there, a party

of dirt-bespattered creatures may be seen leisurely engaged in sweeping or scraping the mud on the roadway into heaps against the kerbstone, where it is quietly left, to be in a few minutes once more dispersed over road and footpath—such portions of it, that is to say, as are not carried off on the feet and clothes of passers by. Sir Robert Carden called attention to this matter of street mud the other day, and was assured that "the authorities"—meaning the police—were "alive to the importance of the subject." We wish their liveliness would show itself in the shape of some improvement; for it is impossible to dispute the worthy magistrate's dictum that the results of police sprightliness have been absolutely *nil*. The weather, at the moment we write, has once more been good enough to pull "the authorities" through; dry, frosty winds having taken the place of a muggy atmosphere and a downpour of rain, things are a little more tolerable than they might have been. But this improvement may endure only for a brief season; and in any case, it is unbearable that the denizens of London should year after year be dependent upon "the weather" for doing that for which they pay rates—making the streets decently passable.

There has been much talk for some years past about reform in metropolitan government, and we believe some scheme for accomplishing that object is "under consideration" at the Home Office. "Consideration" in that valuable institution is, as we know, a slow process, and the products not always worth the labour bestowed upon them; and yet we do hope that Mr. Bruce's incubation of this particular egg will not be much longer continued, no matter what sort of chick may be hatched. Any change might produce some improvement. At any rate, London could not well be in worse plight than she is now.

DR. BIRD ON AUSTRALIAN MEATS.—A correspondent, who signs himself "Pro Bono Publico," and dates from Leicester, takes us to task, in rather ungentlemanly terms, for, as he alleges, recommending Dr. Bird's book, "The Gastric Regions," as treating of Australian meats. Now, we did no such thing, as our correspondent would have seen had he read our article, "Food for the Million," with ordinary attention. What we did say was, that a little book on Australian meats, "by Dr. Bird, author of the 'Gastric Regions and the Victualling Department,'" had been published by Hardwicke, of Piccadilly. If our correspondent had taken the trouble of understanding the passage, and ordered Dr. Bird's book about Australian meats, he would have escaped the "sell" his own carelessness has brought upon him, and avoided imputing unworthy motives to a writer as little capable of the "weakness" of doing an unworthy thing for "a paltry consideration"—or any consideration at all—as himself. For the benefit of our obtuse correspondent, we give the exact title of Dr. Bird's book, though, to any man of ordinary comprehension, that would have been unnecessary. It is:—"Australian Cooked Meats: Economic, Nutritious, Wholesome, and Palatable; with Practical Receipts for Use in the Mansion, the Cottage, or Public Institutions. By an Old Militia Surgeon (Dr. James Bird), Author of 'The Gastric Regions, and the Victualling Department.'" London: Robert Hardwicke, 192, Piccadilly, W. We hope that is plain enough for "Pro Bono Publico." Perhaps, however, to show how small excuse he had for blundering, and how unwarranted are his insinuations, it may be as well to repeat the passage in our previous article. Here it is:—"The meat, moreover, can be served in a variety of ways, both cold and hot; and for information as to the most desirable of these we refer our readers to a little book written by Dr. James Bird, author of 'The Gastric Regions, and the Victualling Department,' and published by Hardwicke, of Piccadilly." We hope our Leicester friend will now have the grace to frankly own himself in the wrong—to himself only, if he likes; and that he will, in future, be at once more careful in his reading and more chary of passing uncharitable judgments on others.

A REVERIE.

"I was in a referee, Sammy," said the elder Mr. Weller when his dutiful son questioned him in reference to the thoughtful appearance which he presented; and no doubt, like the rest of us, the worthy landlord of the Marquis of Granby dignified his day-dream with the name of "thinking." Why we should have begun with such a reference as this we cannot imagine, unless we ourselves have been in a "referee," and so got mixing up the characters in fiction, and brought in the remark of Mr. Weller in consequence of a fanciful leap from some of the fair representatives of fiction to the humorous characters who have become partially identified with them. What relation can there be between Mr. Weller and the sweet creature represented in our Illustration? At all events, there is a reverie in common; and if the musings of the long-stage coachman had reference to "widdlers," we may hazard a guess that our dainty lady is not less engaged with some considerations on the subject of bachelors, one of whom, woe-begone, patient, troubled in mind, and evidently suffering a little from tight boots, stands there by the screen, wondering when those two elderly persons will have completed their sweet morsel of scandal, and released the fair prisoner who, amidst the clacking of their tongues, is soaring away in a world of her own. Pluck up manly courage, my dear Sir! Walk boldly up to the shepherd on the right, wish her good-evening; shake hands with the young lady, and, before you release her tiny fingers, engage her for the next dance. Then say to the old serpent on the left, "Pardon me, Madam, but are you sitting on a violin-case?" She will jump up directly if you look her straight in the face while you put the question. This will release the fair creature from the spell of the enchantresses; and before they can recover their equanimity you will have borne off the heroine, and, with a friendly scrunch of your boot-heel on the toes of the right-hand dragon, be whisking about rapturously in another apartment, where there is a door leading to the passage, and thence to the supper-room, and so back again amidst the crowd, where search will be evaded, and the voice of censure cannot reach you; to end the long mutual reverie that closes only at the carriage-door, where there is a last lingering pressure of a tiny hand, and a hurried hiding of a dropped glove, which you will wear inside your waistcoat on the way home.

THE TRUCK COMMISSION.—We have reason to believe that, at an early period of the ensuing Session, the Government will introduce a bill founded upon the report of the Truck Commission. This bill will, we understand, strike at the very root of the evils disclosed in the report. Large numbers of working men, whose comfort and independence have been seriously injured by the truck system, cannot fail to be gratified by this announcement.—*Daily News*.

THE LATE SIR JOHN BURGOYNE.—Her Majesty the Queen, with the thoughtful kindness and consideration which always characterises her, has directed that the apartments at Hampton Court Palace which were appropriated to the late Lady Burgoyne shall be continued to Miss Burgoyne. We are likewise informed that some anonymous friend or friends of the late Field-Marshal, out of regard to his memory and consideration for his family, have paid the entire funeral expenses incurred at Messrs. Bantling's, the undertakers, in St. James's-street.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

M. Thiers was present at last Saturday's sitting of the Initiative Committee, and spoke for an hour and a half in favour of the return of the Assembly and the Government to Paris. He was accompanied by the Ministers Admiral Pothuan, M. Casimir-Perier, and M. de Rémusat. General Cissey was also to have been present, but was prevented by indisposition. M. Thiers was listened to with great deference. M. Thiers, in his speech, laid stress upon the following three ideas as the chief motives for returning to Paris:—First, that Paris became the capital of France by the work of time and circumstances, not through the acts of the old monarchies; secondly, that Paris is a real intellectual and artistic focus, shedding its rays over the provinces; thirdly, that a return to Paris will confer strength upon the Government of France in its relations with Europe, and will deprive the Bonapartists of one means of agitating the country. M. Thiers asked to be heard again by the committee when it shall have deliberated upon the matter. M. Casimir-Perier, the Minister of the Interior, afterwards addressed the members. He said that he was quite certain it was impossible to carry on the government properly at Versailles, and that all his colleagues shared this opinion. It is believed, however, that the proposition will be rejected by the Assembly.

The initiative committee appointed by the Assembly to consider the question of the partial renewal of the Assembly have rejected the proposal by one vote. The committee on reorganisation of the army has adopted the system of temporary exemption from military service prevalent in Prussia for the heads of manufacturing, agricultural, and commercial establishments; all ecclesiastics are to be exempted.

A bill upon primary education has been laid before the French Assembly. Parents are to be compelled to send their children between six and thirteen years of age to school, and in default of doing so are to be subjected to various penalties.

The financial statement, it is stated, will show an estimated expenditure of 2,415,000,000*fr.*, and a revenue of 2,429,000,000*fr.*—a surplus of 14,000,000*fr.* New taxes are proposed to the amount of 247 millions, of which 90 millions consist of duties derivable from raw materials, 65 millions from textile fabrics, 30 millions from taxes on personal property, 20 millions from an increased tax on sugar, 10 millions from increased duties on manufactured goods, and 10 millions from reimposing the navigation dues.

M. Thiers has received a deputation of French Protestants, who came to ask permission to convocate their Synod. In his reply M. Thiers said that he was overwhelmed with work and annoyance, and was only sustained by the hope of gaining the sympathy of all good men. Belonging to no party, he was only anxious to remedy the misfortunes of France. In conclusion, he said he would always maintain religious liberty.

It will be recollected that M. Louis Ulbach, the editor of a Paris paper called the *Cloche*, was recently sentenced by a court-martial to three years' imprisonment and 6000*fr.* fine for publishing a false and malicious account of the proceedings of one of the sittings of that tribunal. M. Ulbach has appealed to the Court of Revision, and the judgment has been quashed. He is now to be tried anew by another court-martial. The papers give accounts of the trial by court-martial of one of the heroines of the Commune, Louise Michel, a woman of high attainments and good position, who was formerly a schoolmistress. She admitted that she had taken part in almost every council of the Commune, and expressed regret that Ferré did not invade the Assembly, as she meant two lives to be sacrificed, M. Thiers's and her own. All she asked was to be shot at Satory and to lie by the side of Ferré. The Court sentenced her, however, to transportation for life in a fortress.

The subscription committee formed in Paris to offer to the English nation some token of gratitude from the French people in return for the relief sent to France during the late war, proposes a large oil painting commemorating this relief, the execution of which is to be confided to a French artist chosen by competition. The signatures of the subscribers, bound in rich volumes, are to be placed in a sumptuous piece of cabinet-work.

ITALY.

The Senate has approved the Budget of Revenue for 1871. A meeting of the majority of the Chamber of Deputies was held on Monday, at which Signor Ricasoli was unanimously selected as the candidate of the party for the Presidency of the Chamber. The deputies are engaged in discussing the several divisions of the Budget of expenditure.

One of the Roman clerical journals, the *Unità Cattolica*, makes an announcement which seems to indicate that the departure of the Pope from Rome is an event that may happen at any moment. It says, in fact, that it holds itself in readiness to change the place of its publication and to follow the Holy Father wherever he may go. Should he proceed to France, Switzerland, or Germany, it will accompany him, and wherever he takes up his abode, there the *Unità Cattolica* will be printed and sent to subscribers without extra charge. "And perhaps," adds the clerical journal, "the very patient Pius may be compelled to leave Rome sooner than is expected."

SPAIN.

In accordance with the wishes of the King, the Ministry has resigned. Senor Sagasta, requested by his Majesty to form a new Cabinet, has offered four portfolios to the Zorrilla party, which have, however, been declined.

The Republican newspapers publish a long manifesto signed by fifty deputies and Senators belonging to the party of the Federal Republicans, explaining their policy during the Session and their friendly attitude towards the Zorrilla Cabinet. It declares that they will only follow the same policy in case the Government will assure the inviolability of individual rights in the exercise and furtherance of universal suffrage. They will confine themselves to a peaceful agitation for the realisation of their Republican ideas. The manifesto denounces the rupture among the Progressists as a scandalous division, and as a suicidal act of the Progressist party, and also states that the right of meeting is above all legislation, and higher than any Government. The manifesto also supports the legality of religious association so long as the Church shall separate herself from the State and consecrate the doctrine of religious liberty. In conclusion, it advises the Republicans to carry on an active propaganda and to form associations, and thus actively disseminate their ideas in electoral circles.

PORTUGAL.

The cigar-makers at Lisbon and Oporto have struck. The journals express anxiety respecting the emigration of workmen to British America, and the Council of Ministers is discussing the organisation of works in the uncultivated district of Alemtejo.

HOLLAND.

The Second Chamber, by 54 votes against 13, have adopted the treaty with England concerning Sumatra, and by 60 votes against 7 the treaty regarding the immigration of free labourers into Surinam.

The Government, in reply to the strictures made in the Second Chamber on the Public Debt Redemption Bill, has declared that, although the contemplated measure does not preclude the eventual contract of a new debt, it believes such a contingency to be very remote indeed. The colonial receipts for the current year will yield eleven million florins more than was estimated. The fear of a fresh loan is thus devoid of any real foundation. An issue of Treasury bills will probably not be necessary. The State Treasury contained more than thirty-five million florins on the 30th of last month.

AUSTRIA.

The Emperor has summoned the Reichsrath to meet on the 27th

It is stated in banking circles in Vienna that 16 millions in silver are now in the State Treasuries ready for the payment of the January coupons, and that the surplus of the current year exceeds the estimates by 12 million florins.

RUSSIA.

The Emperor has ordered that leave be given to 50,000 soldiers till April next. The Emperor has taken this step in consequence of the pacific circular of the new Austrian Minister, Count Andrássy.

The Russian press, including the *Moscow Gazette*, has completely changed its former anti-German tone since the anniversary of the Military Order of St. George, at which the Czar dwelt upon the friendship between Germany and Russia as the best guarantee for the peace of Europe.

TURKEY.

It is ascertained, from official sources, that the Ottoman Budget for the current year will show a deficit of only 520,030 livres.

M. de Lesseps is attempting a combination for the purpose of procuring the purchase of the Suez Canal by foreign Powers. His overtures have been unfavourably received by the Porte and by the Khedive.

THE UNITED STATES.

In consequence of certain allegations of corruption in the New York Custom-House, made by Mr. Schurs, the Senate have appointed a Committee to investigate the subject, and has also passed a resolution demanding a strict investigation into all the branches of the Government service. Other resolutions passed by the Senate call upon the President to furnish information relative to the present relations with Spain and the treatment of American citizens in Cuba; and direct an inquiry to be made to ascertain whether any foreign Minister of the United States is publicly connected with any speculative transactions, or has given the use of his name in their furtherance. This last inquiry is believed to point to General Schenck, the American Minister in London.

President Grant's Message (of which a summary has already appeared in our columns) has been well received by the American press. The *New York Tribune* draws attention to the aversion displayed in it to slavery; to the recommendation that United States citizens should be forbidden to hold slaves in foreign countries; to the congratulations on enfranchisement in Brazil; and to the complaints that Spain's semblance of emancipation in Cuba and Porto Rico is a mockery. "Just compare," it adds, "this Message in its relation to slavery with one of Buchanan's uttered barely twelve years ago, and the immense, beneficent strides made by our Republic within that period will be manifest." The *Tribune* thinks President Grant is right in regarding the treaty with Great Britain as a striking evidence of the progress of civilisation; and is of opinion that the Message will be favourably regarded by the American people. The *New York Herald* considers the Message an unpretending, practical, matter-of-fact paper, which claims the general approbation of the country. Compared with the Messages of previous Presidents, it is a model of brevity, though "full of meat as an egg." It is well calculated, the *Herald* thinks, to strengthen General Grant, and to weaken his adversaries throughout the United States. The *New York Times* says that on the three great questions—Civil Service Reform, Revenue Reform, and Amnesty—the President's views are in direct accord with those of the most liberal leaders of public opinion. It invites for his policy the candid criticism of all, and thinks the most exacting will have some difficulty in finding any recommendation or oversight on which to base serious complaint. "It will strengthen," it adds, "the intelligent faith of the people in his sound sense and sympathy with the better feelings of the country."

CANADA.

A Constitutional crisis has occurred in the Ontario Legislature. The Government, defeated on a vote of want of confidence, refused to resign in the absence of certain members who had been unseated on election petitions. The House thereupon voted an address to the Lieutenant-Governor by 44 against 25, and the Administration sent in their resignation.

INDIA.

General Brownlow, in command of a portion of the expedition against the Looshai tribes, on Dec. 14, surprised the village of Vanoonah, a Syloo chief, who had rejected an offer of peace. The enemy retreated, after firing the village and leaving seven or eight killed. Other skirmishes are reported.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT has decreed a prize of 20,000fr. to M. Guizot for his "History of France," written for his grandchildren.

THE TIEBORN CASE.—The proceedings in this case were of comparatively little interest till Tuesday, when Mr. Jenne, one of the plaintiff's counsel who went to Australia during the long vacation for the purpose of obtaining evidence of identity, read the depositions of the witnesses taken under the commission. One of these, a Mr. James Fegan, spoke of a time, many years ago, when the plaintiff, while passing under the name of Thomas Castro, represented himself as an Englishman, heir to a large property. Castro had then expressed doubts whether his father was alive. Some of the evidence having been objected to as irrelevant, the Judge remarked upon the great injustice which might be done were a whole trial thrown away in consequence of the admission or rejection of a trivial piece of testimony. Mr. W. Savage, of Winchester, and Mr. Taylor, editor of the *British Journal of Photography*, were then examined concerning the alleged obliteration from some of the daguerotypes of Roger Tiebhorn of the peculiarity in the form of the left-hand thumb. During the afternoon the marks upon the plaintiff's person, to which reference has so often been made, were subjected to inspection by the Judge and the jury, one of the counsel on each side being present. On Wednesday Dr. Sutherland was cross-examined at some length respecting the marks upon the plaintiff to which reference has previously been made. Afterwards the claimant's counsel tendered a Polish lady as a witness, to show how far it was possible to lose memory of language and yet to retain recollection of other circumstances. The Attorney-General, however, objected to such evidence as inadmissible, and it was rejected by the Judge. Mr. D. W. Wyndham, an artist, was then called to speak to certain points of resemblance between the claimant's features and some of the photographs, and upon this point evidence was also given by Mr. G. Leslie, A.R.A. The taking of evidence on Thursday only occupied a couple of hours, when Serjeant Ballantine announced that the case for the plaintiff was closed.

SEVERE GALE.—Intelligence has been received of the prevalence, on Monday, of a severe gale along the various coasts, and several shipping disasters are reported. At Sunderland the wind blew heavily from the west, and the brig *Essex*, from London, was wrecked off the south pier, being blown on to her beam ends. Before she sunk the crew were rescued by a tug. At Maryport the *Wanderer*, which had sailed from that place, put back through stress of weather, was driven past the harbour, and went ashore. The crew were rescued. The *Ada*, of Dublin, was also driven on the beach; the crew were taken on shore by means of the rocket apparatus. It is announced from Kinsale that for thirty hours the coast was swept by a violent gale from the S.E., accompanied by drenching rain, which rendered navigation most dangerous. A very strong wind, which prevailed in the Sheffield district throughout the day, had at ten o'clock increased to a violent and continuous gale. At Newcastle the gale was also severe, while at Dunston, near Gateshead, a workshop was blown down and several men injured, two of them seriously. Several houses in the course of erection in Gateshead were unroofed and otherwise injured. The ship *Robina*, bound from Aquilas, in Spain, to Shields, went ashore on Monday morning off Jarry's Gap. The Rye life-boat *Arthur Frederick*, and the Solihull and Priests life-boat *Storm Sprite*, stationed at Winchelsea, both of which belong to the National Institution, were launched to the aid of the shipwrecked men. The first-named boat saved eight men, and the other the remaining nine men from the wreck, all on board being thus happily rescued. A French barque, the *Costa Rica*, bound from Havre for Buenos Ayres, came into collision, about midnight on Friday week, with another ship, about twenty miles off St. Catherine's, Isle of Wight, and sank about twenty minutes afterwards. The other vessel, though appealed to for assistance, bore away immediately after the collision, and was soon out of sight, as the night was very dark. The brigantine *Express*, Captain Thomas Rook, bound from Newcastle to Plymouth, with a cargo of coal, succeeded in saving eighteen lives; but the captain of the *Costa Rica*, five men, one boy, and ten passengers (four Italians and six Frenchmen) were drowned. Seven Italians and one Frenchman were taken from a hencoop which had been thrown overboard.

THE ORLEANS PRINCES AND THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

THE Paris *Débats* publishes a letter from the Duke d'Aumale to the electors, explaining the reasons which have hitherto and do now prevent him exercising his right as a deputy. He says that when his election was submitted to the Assembly several of his colleagues came to ask him not to take his seat, and on those terms M. Thiers withdrew his opposition to the validation of his election and to the repeal of the exile laws. The letter goes on:—

I agreed to this, since in my eyes it could only be temporary and revocable. If it had been otherwise my resignation would have been demanded, which has not been done. Therefore I consider the agreement as a simple postponement, which, both for your sake and my own, I have hastened to terminate. The time seems now to have come. Circumstances to-day have changed; the Government has been consolidated for six months, and the Chief of the Executive Power has become the President of the Republic, and he has seen the duration of his power bound up with that of the Assembly. The repeal of the exile laws has not justified any of the suspicions of those who forget that I belong to a family whose motto has always been respect for the laws. Nothing can any longer impose upon me any abstention which applies to no one else in this difficult period through which the country is now passing. Strong in this conviction, I have believed that I have the right to declare void the engagement which has hitherto kept me out of the Assembly; but, the President of the Republic not having taken the same view as I, I am stopped by the fear of appearing to break my pledged word. I await, therefore, the decisions of a superior tribunal, by which new circumstances permit me to testify to you my gratitude, happy if those circumstances permit me to testify to you my gratitude by undertaking the defence of your interests, and joining my efforts to those of my colleagues for raising again the flag of France, and causing the sovereign right of majorities to be triumphant against every attempt to overthrow it.

The *Débats* also publishes a letter of the Prince de Joinville of the same tenor, in which he announces a similar resolution. The Prince says the engagement was a verbal one, and was not reduced to writing.

In Monday's sitting of the National Assembly M. Brunet asked to be allowed to question the Government relative to the absence of two deputies elected ten months ago, and whose election was confirmed six months back. The President, after consulting the Ministers, declared that the Government was prepared to reply immediately. M. Brunet pointed out the necessity for terminating this state of things, which was prejudicial to the dignity of the Assembly and unjust towards the distinguished deputies, whose aptitude might be utilised in the great work of national reconstruction. M. Casimir Perier, Minister of the Interior, replied in the name of M. Thiers, who was not present, and said that the President of the Republic did not consider it possible to release the Orleans Princes from their engagement not to sit in the Assembly, since the engagement was not entered into with M. Thiers, but was communicated to the Committee of the Assembly. The President of the Republic, as far as he is concerned, does not insist on this engagement (*renonce à se prévaloir de cet engagement*). M. Desjardins then proposed the following order of the day:—"Considering the confirmation of the elections for the Oise and Haute Marne, the Assembly invests the deputies elected for those departments with the plenitude of their rights, and passes to the order of the day." M. Turquet requested M. Casimir Perier to state clearly whether or not M. Thiers and the Government considered the Princes released from their engagement; in any case, however, M. Turquet and his colleagues of the Left would consider the engagement binding. M. Casimir Perier repeated in substance his preceding declaration. M. Pascal Duprat declared, in the name of 120 of his colleagues, that the Left voted the repeal of the laws of exile, believing that the Princes engaged themselves not to sit in the Assembly, and said, "If you receive the Princes in the Assembly, you sow tempests on the soil of France." He drew a parallel between the present state of affairs and the case of Louis Napoleon, his speech exciting loud protests from the Right and applause from the Left. M. Moulin stated that the majority of the Committee on the Repeal of the Laws of Exile came to their decision without knowledge of the negotiations to obtain an engagement from the Princes. Several other speakers followed for and against the admission of the Princes into the Assembly, some maintaining that it was solely a question of personal honour for the Princes, with which the Assembly had no concern; their intentions must be left to their own consciences. The debate then closed, and the Assembly rejected, by 358 votes against 273, a motion particularly favoured by the supporters of the Government for simply passing to the order of the day. The House, after several minutes of extreme confusion, rejected the priority of discussion demanded for the motion of M. Desjardins by 360 votes against 294. On this occasion the whole Extreme Right and Left were among the noes. The President read the following motion of M. Fresneau introduced during the debate:—"The Assembly, considering that it has no responsibility to assume, nor advice to offer on engagements in which it had no part, and of which it cannot be a judge, passes to the order of the day." The priority of this motion was adopted. M. Fresneau then stated that he withdrew from his motion the words, "and of which it cannot be a judge," since some deputies attached to them an offensive interpretation for the Princes. M. Desjardins withdrew his motion, and supported that of M. Fresneau thus modified. The Assembly adopted M. Fresneau's motion in this form by 646 votes against 2. After this debate, which was long and very animated, the sitting closed.

The Republican Left party have had a meeting, and passed a resolution against admitting the Princes, and the Union Republicaine have also held a meeting, at which M. Gambetta spoke, and opposed the entrance of the Princes.

The Princes took their seats in the Assembly on Tuesday. From the time they entered the train generally used by the deputies at Paris till their arrival at Versailles there was a sort of general public excitement. The representatives of newspapers of all shades of opinion were constantly employed in sending messages to the editors to acquaint them with the latest movements and the demeanour of the Princes. On the arrival of the train at Versailles the deputies who were in the carriages and the other persons present respectfully stood back to allow the Princes to pass, and they went out first and proceeded on foot to the Assembly. The report of their arrival had already spread in the lobbies of the Assembly, and some persons who had hurried forward had at the same time circulated the information in the galleries. In consequence of this there was a great stir in the galleries and in the body of the hall, where every one asked if anything was about to happen. The Left especially seemed agitated; but the Princes, simply preceded by an usher, having entered while M. Grévy was reading a report, the Left took the opportunity of craving silence, while the public in the galleries and the deputies of the Left leaned forward to see the Princes, they having taken their places in the Right Centre. Silence having been gradually restored, the sitting was continued. No incident of any importance occurred; nor was there reason to suppose that any would happen before the close of the proceedings.

CHRISTMAS BENEFACTIONS.—The governors of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy held meetings on Nov. 15 and Saturday last to give away certain benefactions distributable at this season of the year. The governors present were the three treasurers—the Rev Dr. Vivian, Mr. Pownall, and Sir Thomas Tison; Archdeacon Jennings, the Revs. George Alnall, W. J. Crighton, and Daniel Moore; Mr. Alderman Finnis, and Messrs. G. C. Capper, P. Cazenove, Beriah Drew, Gabriel Goldrey, M.P.; J. R. Kenyon, J. C. Edmund Peype, and W. J. Thrupp. The total sum given to clergy-men was £1500, the number of recipients being 99. The governors also made grants, amounting in all to £1658, to 130 clergy widows, aged single daughters, and children, those to the children being in aid of their education at schools or colleges, and for providing them with outfits and placing them out in life. Thus, in two months alone, the corporation has distributed £3048 among 229 persons, whose merits and necessities, after due inquiries, have been established to the satisfaction of the governors. In January several applications will be considered, which arrived too late to be disposed of in the present month, and subsequently other cases will be submitted as they arise, and it is to be hoped that sufficient funds may be forthcoming to enable the governors to help more or less substantially all deserving applicants, however numerous.

ILLUMINATIONS IN ROME.

THE Romans have long been famous for their skill in devising and arranging illuminations. In the days of Papal supremacy, the periodical lighting up of St. Peter's and the other chief ecclesiastical edifices was one of the grand sights of Rome; and of Roman illuminations—using that word not in the old sense indicative of monkish book decorators—Signor Ottino enjoys the reputation of being the chief; so on the occasion of the opening of the first Session of the Italian Parliament in the Eternal City his services were called into requisition. Inspired by patriotism and incited by the attendant circumstances, Signor Ottino surpassed all his previous efforts; and our Engraving conveys some faint notion of the results produced—so far as these were exhibited in the Piazza del Popolo. The effect was wonderfully fine, and is described as having been universally admired. As already stated in our columns, the Corso, Ripetta, Campidoglio, and adjacent streets and piazze were one moving mass of people enjoying the result of Ottino's handiwork. The arches which spanned the Corso from end to end—each formed by double half-circles of burners, and springing on each side from triple baskets filled with green branches, with burners round their edges inclosed in white globes to represent flowers—made the street a brilliant arcade gorgeously rich in colour from the scarlet draperies, and culminating in a gigantic fairy tent of light, covering the entire Piazza del Popolo. Downwards from the summit of the Obelisk to the limits around extended many diverging lines, from which quantities of hyacinth and other flower-like forms depended, and from which were hung small coloured lamps which formed the petals. This velarium of light was supported at the sides on poles which had been transformed into gigantic hyacinths, with clusters of bells and pendent lamps. Between each of these white draperies ornamented with scarlet were looped to inclose the whole. Around the obelisk were other four of these broddignagian flowers; and upon it, turned towards the Corso, was a double revolving star of gas, visible from the other extremity. The Ripetta, in its entire length from the Popolo to the Senate House, was festooned from side to side across the street with numberless devices like bell-shaped flowers of many forms, producing a charmingly varied and fairy-like vista. The small obelisk of the Rotunda was converted into an enormous palm-tree springing from a bed of flowers, while the portico of Agrippa's Temple to all the Gods was illuminated by a pale green light, and looked majestically grand and weird. The Capitol was a perfect blaze, the outlines of the columns, bases, capitals, friezes, and cornices were lines of light. The tower seemed to rise from a great bouquet, formed of vari-coloured lamps; and on the summit blazed a great star of Italy, visible from every point of the city.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF WHOLESALE POISONING.

When Palmer had poisoned Cooke, at Rugeley, a new danger to life was supposed to have been found in the use of strychnine by a skilful hand. If the facts upon which, on Tuesday afternoon, a coroner's jury, at Bilston, in South Staffordshire, came to a verdict of "Wilful murder" against a mother who was charged with killing three of her children, should be confirmed at the assizes, then we have a further danger, especially to children, in antimony administered even by an illiterate woman, yet so skilfully administered as to baffle all the surgeons called in during life and afterwards, and giving cause for suspicion only when careful analysis had detected the poison in the tissues. The accused was a comparatively young woman, named Eliza Griffiths, the wife of a puddler living off High-street, Bilston. She has been the mother of twelve children, yet only one survives, and that one has just had a narrow escape of death from an illness attended with symptoms that accompanied the decease certainly of the three last deceased, and whose death this woman, their mother, is now charged with compassing by poison. At previous inquiries it was shown that a girl of about eleven years had died at the end of September of vomiting and purging in so short a time after the surgeon was called in that in his certificate of death he entered "cholera" as the cause, believing that from no other cause could death with such symptoms have been occasioned. Although he ultimately prescribed medicine, when first consulted by the prisoner he was told that he was only wanted "to watch the case," and it was when he declined such a commission that he was allowed to prescribe. His medicine, which the mother fetched from his surgery, did not seem to do the patient any good. In truth, he did not, he told the jury, feel certain that it had been administered. The local authorities stopped the funeral by a coroner's warrant, and a post-mortem examination was made. This revealed certain evidences incompatible with "cholera," and that gave the case an air of so much suspicion that an analysis of the stomach and intestines was ordered. It was conducted by Dr. Alfred Hill, professor of chemistry and toxicology, Queen's College, Birmingham, and analyst of that borough. Dr. Hill found unmistakable traces of antimony in the tissues, traces which betrayed the existence of the poison by all the known tests. Indeed, from the traces he reproduced the metal itself, for antimony is a metallic poison. The mother denied having given the child James's or any other powders in which antimony in some shape is understood to be found; much less had she administered tartar emetic, or that severer form of the poison, antimony wine. But just before the authorities made their appearance, when the funeral procession was about to start from the house, she threw away something that had been contained in a bottle, and effectually cleansed the bottle. She asserted that this was the remains of the medicine that had been prescribed by the surgeon, but of this there was no proof. The Coroner and the jury were dissatisfied, and adjourned the inquest, to afford time for the disinterment of a brother named Thomas, who died on Sept. 16, and whose death was registered on the 20th of that month. The register was signed by the mark of the mother as the person present at death, and she assigned "consumption of the bowels" as the cause, alleging that Mr. Best, a well-known and respectable surgeon of the town, had attended the case, and had given that as the cause of death. This child was insured in a burial club, but, as it had not been insured a year, only 30s. was due at death. Before this money could be got from the office a surgeon's certificate had to be obtained. After much pressing, Mr. Best's assistant gave a certificate, assigning "atrophy" as the cause. The truth was, that the surgeon's assistant knew very little of the case. In the body of Thomas also Dr. Hill found antimony, as in the case of the girl (named Mary Jane). Upon this the mother was arrested. Again she denied having given antimony in any shape whatever. Next the Coroner and jury ordered the exhuming of the body of another boy. His name was William; his age six, and he died on Oct. 10. The death was registered on the 13th of that month, upon a medical certificate that attributed death to "asthenia," and "gastric fever six days." In this case Mr. Larkin was the surgeon. On Tuesday he deposed that he did not believe the mother carried out his instructions in respect of the diet he ordered, and that his medicine had nothing like antimony in it. In this child, too, Dr. Hill found antimony. The Coroner having reviewed the evidence that had been given, the jury deliberated about half an hour and returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" against the accused in respect of all the three children, and she was committed for trial at the next Staffordshire Assizes.

THE LAMBETH VESTRY have determined, if possible, to suppress the Sunday trading which has so long been a characteristic of the thoroughfare known as the "New Cut," and on Sunday the names of those stall keepers who declined to discontinue the practice were taken by some officers of the vestry, with a view to their prosecution for an obstruction of the thoroughfare.

THE "TIMES" WORKING MEN'S CLUB, in Walworth, was the subject of another prosecution at the Lambeth Police Court, last week, when Henry Dyer, the manager, was summoned for breach of the excise laws, whereby he had incurred penalties amounting to nearly £400. The excise authorities, however, pressed for a fine of £50 only, upon the condition that the house should be closed; and this was agreed to.

SLEIGHING IN THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

DURING the recent frosty weather Paris resumed, perhaps, more of its old aspect of the period before the war than it has displayed during the year. The snow lay bright and crisp, the air was keen and clear; the trees, bare but sharply defined, were all glittering with rime; and the cold was so intense that people had ceased to look at the thermometer for fear of being frightened. Then came out the skaters, and the sleighs began to make a show in the dear old Elysian Fields. Brighter colours flecked the dresses of the fair drivers who sped their horses along the white, hard ground; the sun shone out bravely; the bells on the harness of some of the brand-new sleighs rang merrily; the "whish" of the irons, as they glided through the snow and cut their way in a little spray of white icicles, sounded pleasantly; and for once, at least, there was a look of revival about the company in the old trysting-place. Not that Paris long exhibits the recollection of misfortune. The bullet-holes in her walls are filled with plaster very quickly; the gaps in her houses are decently covered by laths and mortar till the building can be made good; ornaments, statues, streets are repaired; fresh trees are brought and planted in the gaps left by the fire of the insurrection and the forage of the troops; theatres, cafés, restaurants, the resorts of pleasure and, alas! too many of the haunts of vice and folly, are reopened almost as though they had only been closed for the production of new entertainments; and things go on, if a little more soberly, certainly not very differently from what they did. One of the pleasantest, healthiest, and most cheerful restorations has been the winter sleighing in the Champs Elysées, of which the Engraving is a representation.

M. THIERS'S MISSION IN 1870.

M. JULES FAYRE, late Foreign Minister of the French Republic, has published another volume of despatches connected with the conduct of affairs while he was in office. In this volume M. Favre gives all the particulars of the mission of M. Thiers in the month of September of last year; and, as the first steps of that distinguished Ambassador were directed to this country, and the first statement of his errand was made to Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone, every line in the report now laid before us possesses an interest which it would be hardly possible to exaggerate.

Few of our readers can have forgotten the circumstances under which that memorable mission was undertaken. The Empire of the Third Napoleon and the military power of the French nation lay prostrate. A Republic had been proclaimed in Paris, and a Government of the National Defence was installed, which, while preparing to withstand a siege of the capital, repudiated the Imperial policy, disavowed the war, and expressed its confidence that the enemy, having overcome the armies, would desist from hostilities against the people, and withdraw across those frontiers which the people themselves had never wished to overstep. The enemy, however, advanced in good earnest. Laon had been taken, the bombardment of Toul and the investment of Metz had commenced, and the King of Prussia was moving his head-quarters along the Champagne route. M. Thiers was no friend to the party in power, and had entered his protest against the illegal act by which they had placed themselves above the authority of that legislative body in whom alone in all great emergencies the sovereignty of the nation resided. But M. Thiers was a Frenchman and

a patriot, and in so desperate a crisis as that through which his country was then passing he thought only of France, and he felt that he could best serve her by giving his support to her actual Government, whatever it might be. M. Thiers started at a moment's notice, hardly waiting to take his leave, caring little for credentials, and, above all things, dispensing with instructions. He left Paris on Sept. 12, by the last night train between Paris and Calais, reached London early in the morning of the 13th, and, after vainly suing for accommodation at all the over-crowded hotels, was compelled to accept scanty hospitality, a "kind of field-quarters," at the French Embassy at Albert-gate. So wonderful, however, were the endurance and the mental freshness of the aged statesman, that, in a few hours after ridding himself of his portmanteau, he had already held interviews with the Foreign Minister and the Premier, and obtained a clear insight into our people's disposition towards the belligerents. He had already, he wrote, conversed with many persons, and he perceived that his presence in London had given "un certain coup de fouet" to the public mind, causing even a change in the tone of the *Times*, "qui a tenu un meilleur langage." Lord Granville, upon hearing of the French Envoy's arrival, waived ceremony, and waited upon him at noon. Mr. Gladstone called at six in the evening. The mission of M. Thiers could be twofold. France had challenged Germany to mortal conflict, and had been vanquished. Either she deemed it due to her honour to make "a pact with death" and continue the struggle to the uttermost, and then M. Thiers was in quest of allies; or France wished to dissociate her cause from that of the Empire and to make peace, and then what



SLEIGH IN THE CHAMPS ELYSEES, PARIS, DURING THE LATE FROST.

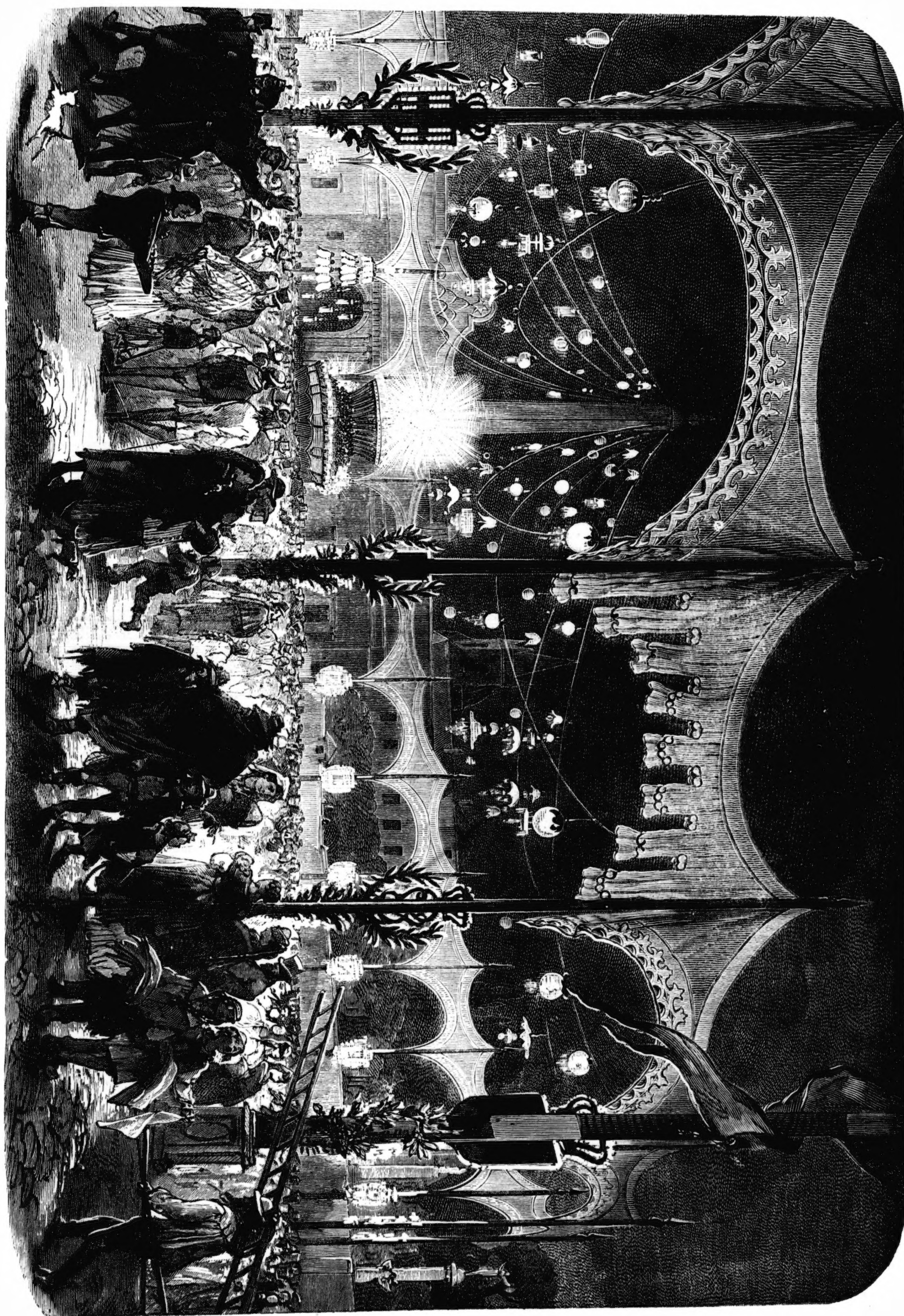
M. Thiers applied for was mediation. As to allies, M. Thiers should have borne in mind that the Emperor Napoleon, before he ventured on the Gramont manifesto, had for more than four years sought friends among the enemies of his enemy, and that it was only when his reception of Alexander of Russia at the Tuileries, his meeting with Francis Joseph of Austria at Salzburg, and other similar steps had proved unavailing that he determined to take the field singlehanded. Where the Emperor Napoleon in the fulness of his power, and his cousin, Prince Napoleon, after a first disaster, had been unsuccessful, there could be little chance for the representative of a country destitute equally of an army and of a Government. It was for peacemakers, not for seconds in her deadly duel, that France could only apply at this deadly juncture, and it was idle for her to expect her neighbours to undertake negotiations on terms which might involve them in her quarrel. If it was on peace, on peace alone, and on peace on what might seem reasonable terms, that M. Thiers was bent, he scarcely needed to remind England of her companionship in arms with France in the Crimea, or of the sympathy she had found in that country at the time of the Indian Mutiny. England and all the rest of Europe were for their own sake interested in bringing about a peace; interested in obtaining for France such conditions as might be most compatible with the balance of power in Europe. These conditions, however, were in a great measure in the hands of victorious Germany. To extort from Germany better terms than she deemed equitable was a task to which all the combined efforts of Europe would not have been more than equal—a task in which it was doubtful whether Russia would, or Austria could, bear a hand. It would be hard to say what England alone, or even England with Italy, could have done for France after Sedan. And M. Thiers should have considered how little amenable France herself would have been to the unarmed representations or remonstrances of Europe if the Prussian armies had been overpowered in two pitched battles, Mayence and Coblenz invested, and the French vanguard in sight of Berlin. He should have considered whether there was more reason in what Count Bismarck might be expected to demand or in what M. Favre was disposed

to give. The historian of the Consulate and Empire was fully aware of the difference between a war and a tournament. He knew that the prize of victory is conquest; and he must have perceived that "not an inch of territory, not a stone of a fortress" was a basis on which it was worse than childish to attempt negotiation.

Lord Granville answered that England "did not mean to go to war, as her means did not enable her to do so; that by interfering in behalf of the neutral Powers she might run the risk of offending Prussia, who would not put up with her intervention; and that such an intervention might do more harm than good." He added that England had already paid the penalty sure to fall on all neutrality; that she had given offence to both belligerents; and the Germans complained of her too great partiality to France. M. Thiers insisted that the course England had followed, and was bent on following, would cause her to fall from her rank among nations; and that inaction on her part, under present circumstances, amounted to connivance with Prussia, as it would necessarily turn to Prussia's advantage. Finally, he went so far as to hint that he was aware of the cause of England's leaning to the interests of Germany—that "the Queen was influenced by family affections, and the Cabinet subservient to the Queen's wishes." Whereupon Lord Granville, with great dignity, answered "that he was deeply devoted to his Sovereign, but he was an English Minister, and only consulted the will of his country." In his interview with Mr. Gladstone M. Thiers repeated his observations on the decline of England's ascendancy, which he attributed to a decline in her character. He reminded the English Premier of the reproach of the First Napoleon that England was merely a naval Power, and that by interfering in Continental affairs she simply meddled with what did not concern her. "That taunt," M. Thiers argued, "has now come true, for England follows now the policy Napoleon pointed out to her; she withdraws from Continental politics, and dares not say a word or express an opinion on whatever may happen there." Mr. Gladstone, we are told, hung his head and received this lecture in silence, "with the air of a man both saddened and overwhelmed by what he heard." All that M. Thiers could obtain,

and did obtain, was that the English Government should propose an interview between Count Bismarck and M. Jules Favre; but he could not induce Lord Granville to back the proposal of France, for the English Minister had made up his mind not to compromise his country on any account. Her Majesty's Government were fully aware of the futility of offering mediation between two belligerents who could not be made to agree upon a basis of negotiation. They brought the two Plenipotentiaries face to face at Ferrières, and there left them to go through that scene which M. Favre's patriotic tears made so eminently pathetic.

There is no doubt, after all, that England's intervention, discreet and guarded as it was, proved of considerable service to the French Government, for it at least rendered the Ferrières interview practicable. M. Thiers only presented his credentials to Lord Granville on the morrow after his first interview. Lord Granville could not formally recognise the Government represented by M. Thiers, but he observed, "Our non-recognition does not preclude friendly relations between us." The only difficulty consisted in overcoming Count Bismarck's repugnance to treat with a Government which had properly no legal status. Not that Count Bismarck cared whether he made peace with a French Empire or a French Republic. But he wished to know what claim the Government at Paris might have to speak and act in the name of France, and what prospect there might be that the whole French nation, the armies still in the field, and the officers in command at Strasburg, Metz, and other fortresses would acquiesce in, and consider themselves bound by, such conditions as M. Favre might deem it expedient to subscribe. If this extremely reasonable objection were overruled, it was probably owing as much to the good offices of the English Government as to Count Bismarck's conviction that the proposed interview at Ferrières would only be an unmeaning ceremony, and that the time thus lost would turn rather to the advantage of those who were contemplating the siege of Paris than to those who were preparing for its defence. M. Thiers left London for St. Petersburg, via Hull, on Sept. 17; and, as we all know, his journey to Russia, Austria, and Italy accomplished as little as his four days' stay in this country.



ILLUMINATION OF THE PIAZZA DEL POPOLO, ROME, ON THE OPENING OF THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT.—(SEE PAGE 387.)

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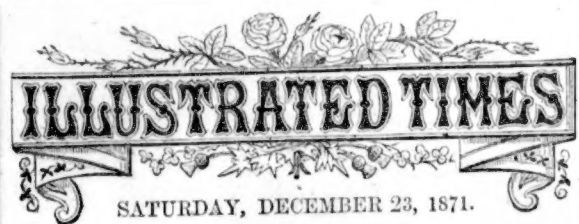
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1871.

SOME TOPICS OF THE HOUR.

At the moment at which these lines are written, the news of the progress towards convalescence of the Prince of Wales is as hopeful, if not as cheerful, as it possibly could be, or, at least, was likely to be. In times of suspense we are all unreasonable. We scrutinise the language in which certain tidings are conveyed as if we would distil the bare letters that spell the words till they yielded occult or quintessential meanings. We know it is a childish game to play, and yet we all play it. The wonder is that the physicians at Sandringham can manage to vary their bulletins as they do, especially as we have apparently reached that doubtful and harassing stage of the probable incline upwards towards recovery in which the gradient is ever and anon sliding away towards the imperceptible. We have seen it suggested that the patient may probably be out of doors in three weeks or a month. This is, however, a rash guess. It would be very quick work after such an illness. Everyone will be sorry for the death of the lad Blegg. The Earl of Chesterfield passed away with but little notice, because we knew and heard so little of him that he was but the shadow of a name to us; but with the poor young groom we had grown familiar, and the impression caused by his death is proportionately strong.

Most of us have heard, without the least surprise, painful comments from the very poor upon the excitement caused by the illness of the Prince. "Ah! there's many a one in the workus as is wuss than what he is, and don't get no fuss made about 'em," is the sort of cry that has no doubt reached the ears of many of our readers, as it has our own. But we can only repeat that, however natural such remarks may be, they have only this degree of truth in them—that human lots are unequal, and that it is a sad thing that anybody should be in a workhouse. It is; and we will all endeavour to remedy the evils which lead to workhouses. But, after all—as has been pointed out—it is a question of intimacy and centrality of interest. The Queen and the Prince of Wales represent a great English tradition, and to feel for either in a true and hearty way is to feel for every English soul. The family to which the sick man belongs have usually been of a hearty, courageous, and friendly type, and in grudging sympathy to them we should be grudging it to the English people.

In that tiresome Tichborne case a medical man has been exciting some laughter by stating in evidence that old age might be said to commence at fifty—the "span" of human life being reckoned at a hundred. But we must not look too curiously into categorical answers given in a court of justice. This calculation would, of course, assign fifty years to the time of old age, whereas we may be sure that a man who had stamina enough to live to a hundred would not begin to be old at fifty. But, with regard to the majority of human beings, the case stands somewhat thus:—At about forty-five the energy of the human machine comes to a sort of standstill. It remains stationary as to power till about fifty-two. After that it begins in some respects to decline; and from this date the human body requires a little careful management, though the ten years which follow are often among the most energetic and valuable in the whole of any given career. It has been computed that at no time in the world's history was there a greater number of old men doing active duty than now.

Many people must have noticed with regret and anger the shameful waste which takes place with regard to herrings and sprats. Every year tons of them are thrown back into the sea or used as manure. Now, whether the herring, the sprat, and the whitebait are the same fish or not, it is utterly monstrous, in these days, that millions of them should be thrown away. Why should they not be preserved and sold cheap? If it were not for its cheapness, the common sprat would be in high repute among all classes as a delicious article of food, and most palates would prefer it to whitebait. That the surplus fish should be wasted because they are cheap, is too bad. The topic is not new in this Journal; and, perhaps, now others have taken it up as well, it may receive a little attention.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR HENRY KELLET, K.C.B., late Naval Commander-in-Chief on the China station, experienced a sunstroke, at Hong-Kong, on Nov. 1, and remained unconscious nearly forty-eight hours. He, however, rallied, and on Nov. 5 was sufficiently recovered to lead his friends to hope that he would be able to proceed to Singapore in time to meet his successor.

A SHOCKING ACCIDENT occurred on Saturday at the Wickwar station of the Midland Railway. A child six years of age, whose father was working at the station, wandered on to the rails as a down train was approaching. The father ran after it, caught it just as the train reached the spot, and stood between the up rails to let it pass. Almost immediately a train came out of the neighbouring tunnel and struck him down. When picked up he was dead, and the child died shortly afterwards in the Gloucester infirmary.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN, who arrived at Windsor from Sandringham on Tuesday, will spend Christmas at the castle, instead of at Osborne, as has been her Majesty's custom for some years past.

THE PRINCE OF WALES is now deemed in so fair a way to make a sure, though it may be slow recovery, that all the members of the Royal family, except the Princess of Wales and Princess Alice, have left Sandringham. The Prince began to mend at the end of last week, and has continued to improve daily ever since.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has nominated Count Moltke an honorary member of the Academy of the Russian General Staff.

MR. JUSTICE GEORGE, one of the Judges in the Irish Court of Queen's Bench, died on Friday week in Dublin. The deceased, who was a native of the Irish capital, was sixty-seven years of age. From 1859 to 1866, when he was appointed to the Bench, he represented the county of Westford in Parliament.

PROFESSOR JOWETT preached an eloquent discourse, on Sunday, before the senate and students of Glasgow University. The service was in the Presbyterian form, save that the prayers were selections from the Church of England Prayer-book.

MR. GEORGE LOCH having intimated his intention to retire from the representation of the Wick Burghs, a requisition has been sent to Mr. Samuel Laing by the inhabitants of Wick requesting him to come forward as a candidate. Mr. John Pender, formerly M.P. for Totnes, has also consented to become a candidate.

CHARLES BLEGG, a groom in the service of the Prince of Wales, who had been suffering from an attack of typhoid fever, died at Sandringham on Monday morning.

A FUNERAL CEREMONY in the memory of Napoleon I. took place at the Invalides on Saturday, the anniversary of the removal of his remains to their present resting-place.

THE SWISS NATIONAL COUNCIL has prohibited the settlement of Jesuits in Switzerland as well as their educational and ecclesiastical teaching. The Jesuits will not be allowed to erect new or to re-establish old convents.

TUESDAY, the 26th inst., will be the first holiday under the new Act on Bank Holidays on Boxing Day.

THE LATE MISS WOOD, of Hermitage Park, Leith, has bequeathed an aggregate sum of £13,000 to various Edinburgh and Leith institutions and societies.

A VERY SAD ACCIDENT occurred on Monday night in the London-road, Southwark. A King's-cross omnibus was passing along, when a woman got in front of the horses and was thrown down. The wheels passed over her neck and she was killed on the spot.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY, which was postponed from last week on account of the alarming state of the Prince of Wales's health, was produced on Tuesday night in the old dormitory of St. Peter's, Westminster, with all the usual apparatus, and received by the audience with a degree of satisfaction and pleasure which were enhanced by the propitious turn in the event which caused its postponement.

THE SALE OF THE GREAT ESTATE OF THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD in the county of Londonderry, which has created much interest in the public mind for the last three or four years, has at length been carried through. The tenants have been able to secure no less than some eighty-six lots out of the 148 into which the estate was divided. This will be regarded as a good beginning for Mr. Bright's clause in the new Land Act.

PROFESSOR SEDGWICK'S APPEAL FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS from members of the University of Cambridge, to enable him to purchase a valuable collection of fossils for the Geological Museum, has met with a prompt and liberal response. The required sum has been already subscribed, and arrangements have been made for the transfer of the collection to Cambridge in the course of a few weeks.

THE EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH is reported to be seriously ill from a severe attack of bronchitis. His Lordship, who has been in failing health for some time, is in his eighty-second year.

MR. TOLLEMACHE, one of the Conservative members for West Cheshire has issued an address stating his intention to retire from the representation of that constituency. The hon. gentleman, who is sixty-six years of age, has sat for the division since 1841.

THE AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF ENGINEERS have issued a paper in which a belief is expressed that nearly the whole of the employers throughout the trade will have conceded the nine hours' demand by Jan. 1.

A BURGLARY has been committed on the premises of Mr. Archard, watchmaker and jeweller, of 69, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square, and watches and jewellery to the value of £2500 stolen. The burglars effected an entrance by forcing an iron grating over the area, proceeding thence through the kitchen window.

TWO TRAINS CAME INTO COLLISION AT AYTON on Sunday morning, detaining the London trains by three hours. They had to go round by Kess and St. Boswells.

THE REV. JOSEPH WOOD, of Accrington, who is charged with having obtained £210 from the Education Department under false pretences, was committed for trial at the Bow-street Police Court on Monday, the magistrate refusing to accept bail.

THE REV. WHARTON B. MARRIOTT, of Eton College, one of the most learned scholars and eloquent preachers in the diocese of Oxford, has just died, after only three days' illness. He leaves a widow and a large family. Mr. Marriott was the author of several well-known works. He was licensed by Bishop Wilberforce, some time before that Prelate's translation to Winchester, to the post of public diocesan preacher.

JANE PETHERIDGE, charged with the murder of her two children at Tarncombe, North Devon, by strangling them with her apron-string, was proved by the surgeon to be insane at the assizes on Monday, and ordered by Baron Martin to be detained during her Majesty's pleasure.

THE TOTAL RECEIPTS INTO THE EXCHEQUER from April 1 to the 16th inst. amounted to £16,687,229, an increase of nearly two millions and a half upon the returns in the corresponding period of last year. The expenditure has amounted to £19,274,502. The balance in the Bank of England on Saturday last exceeded four millions sterling.

A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE broke out in the oil manufactory of Messrs. Peter Forbes and Co., of Port Dundas, Glasgow, about midnight on Monday. For some time the whole city was illuminated by the flames, and the loss is estimated at over £10,000. Fifty thousand gallons of paraffin oil, valued at £8000, have been destroyed.

THE GABLE WALL OF A HOUSE IN ANN-STREET, DUNDEE, was blown down during a gale on Monday morning, the huge blocks of stone of which it was composed burying a cottage adjoining, inhabited by a weaver and his family, who were in bed at the time. One of the children, when dug out, was dead, and another was saved by the head of the cradle defending it from the falling material. All were more or less injured.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH has taken up his residence at Toronto, where he lives in the house of a married relation. He writes a weekly literary review in the columns of the most widely circulated journal in Canada, and is about to undertake the editorship of a new magazine, a class of literature much needed in the Dominion. While Mr. Smith's headquarters are at Toronto, he spends about six weeks in every year at Cornell University.

THE EXETER SCHOOL BOARD have decided to have religious education in their schools. They are to be opened and closed daily with singing and prayer, the authorised version of the Bible is to be read daily, and such explanations and instructions in the principles of religion and morality are to be given as are suited to the ages and capacities of the children, provided all books and apparatus used are first approved of by the board.

A HEARTLESS AND CRUEL FELLOW was, on Wednesday, brought up at Guildhall for having robbed numerous little boys of their clothing. There were thirty-seven cases against him, and it was shown that in many instances he had soundly beaten his victims for weeping at the loss of their garments. Some of the children thus treated were only four years old. Sir Robert Carden said he intended to send the prisoner for trial.

TWO GAROTTERS, named William Matthews and George Smith, were flogged in Newgate on Wednesday. The punishment was carried out by two stalwart warders from the City Prison at Holloway.

THOMAS LYNCH, ABRAHAM BINNS, JOHN GREENSLADE, and JOHN QUIGLEY were fined, on Monday, 5s. each, including costs, under the compulsory powers of the Burnley School Board, for neglecting to send their children to school. The ages of the children were nine, ten, eleven, and twelve years.

THE FAMINE IN PERSIA still continues, and cholera is also beginning to commit sad ravages among the population. Meanwhile the Persian Government seems to be doing nothing, and the starving people are left to look after themselves. Large numbers arrive in Bombay by every vessel from the Persian Gulf.

BRIVET-MAJOR THOMAS WILSON, late Captain 25th Regiment, has just died, in his eighty-ninth year. He entered the Army in 1800, served in Egypt in 1801, and was present at the surrender of Cairo and the siege of Alexandria; with the expedition to Hanover, under Lord Cathcart, in 1806-6; and in Portugal and Spain from 1809 to 1813. He was present with the 25th Regiment in every affair in which they were engaged in the Peninsula, until he was severely wounded at Vittoria.

THE LOUNGER.

LONG looked for, come at last. Mr. Speaker has announced that he will resign the chair immediately after the meeting of Parliament. This decision comes not too soon. There is not a member of Parliament who will not, when he sees this announcement, rejoice. The House of Commons is proverbially reverent to its Speakers. It will tolerate much before it will openly commit itself; but last year the relaxation of discipline in the House, in consequence of the infirmity of the Speaker, was so manifest, that it was only with great difficulty, at times, that members could keep down expression of discontent to the due reverent pitch. But no more of this. Mr. Denison will, as I have said, resign his office when Parliament meets; in fact, will only take the chair formally to vacate it. He will take, of course, the usual pension for life of £4000 a year and a peerage. It is said that his title will be Viscount Ossington. Ossington is a small village in Nottinghamshire. The manor of Ossington was bought, in 1753, by William Denison, an eminent merchant in Leeds. This gentleman died in 1782, and was succeeded by his brother, Robert Denison, who died in 1785, and was succeeded by his nephew, John Wilkinson, who took the name and arms of Denison. The two former Denisons died without male issue; but this gentleman, who died in 1820, left nine sons and three daughters. Mr. Speaker is his eldest son. He married Lady Charlotte Cavendish Bentinck, the third daughter of the late and sister of the present Duke of Portland. They have no children. The peerage, therefore, will go with the first Peer, unless provision can be made in the patent to allow it to descend to a nephew.

And now, who will be the new Speaker? The *Times* of Tuesday gives us four names—to wit, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Bouvier, and Mr. Dodson. It is curious that it does not mention Mr. Brand. Two years ago, when Mr. Denison was unwell, and his retirement was thought to be imminent, Mr. Brand was generally spoken of as Mr. Speaker's successor; subsequently Mr. Cardwell became the favourite. If "let merit bear the palm" were to be rigidly the rule, unquestionably Mr. Dodson would be chosen; for, as Chairman of Committees, he has had long training, and, above all the members in the House, stands conspicuous as the most learned in the rules, orders, and forms of the House; and, further, is acknowledged by all to be one of the most efficient chairmen the House ever had. He has, too, this in his favour: he has had often to take the chair as Deputy Speaker, and on such occasions did his work well. If the House were really free to choose a Speaker, I fancy it would choose Mr. Dodson. But, though by right it can of course choose who it likes, by custom the Prime Minister nominates, and his party, if it be strong enough, ratifies the nomination. In this case a Conservative opposition is out of the question. My own opinion is, that if Mr. Cardwell wishes to be Speaker, he will be the man. But on this matter I will say no more, because I think that it is very likely that before this article can be printed all the world will know who will be the next Speaker of the House of Commons.

George Hudson is dead; and died in an upper chamber over a cheesemonger's shop in Churton-street, within 200 yards of the place where I am writing these lines. His death could not have been prefigured by a long illness, for it cannot be more than a fortnight, or at most three weeks, since I met him near his lodgings, carrying a small basket of fish, as it was his wont to do, and greeted him with the usual "Good-day to you!" Poor George! I knew him well. Knew him when he was at the zenith of his prosperity, and also when he had sunk to the nadir; knew him when he was Railway King, holding levées at Albert-gate, and receiving homage from Peers, high-born dames, and illustrious commoners; knew him, too, when,

Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,

he had often to limit his appetite to meet his means; I remember him in the House—in the morning bustling about the Committee-rooms, late at night coming down dressed in blue coat with bright buttons and capacious white waistcoat, and with flushed face. One night will be ever memorable to me. It must have been about the time of the Crimean War. The topic of the night was the defence of our shores against invasion. Some motion, perhaps by old Charley Napier, was under discussion. But, however that may have been, late at night Mr. Hudson came on to the scene, manifestly having dined—though, I must say, he was never a drunkard—and, suddenly rising, in stentorian voice, amidst roars of laughter, talked about the British Lion, flourished the brave old flag of England, &c., in true melodramatic style; and I remember, too, that more than one member, stirred by the impassioned eloquence of Mr. Hudson, and amongst them a Cabinet Minister, followed in the same strain. I fancy that there must have been some grand festival, or several festivals, that night; for, as the scene rises dimly before me in the perspective of the past, with George Hudson's burly figure below the gangway, I discern an unusual number of white waistcoats and florid faces glittering in the gaslight. But, presto! That old scene has vanished, and the stern reality comes back to me. Of all the actors in that scene, scores—perhaps more than a hundred—have made their exult behind the dark curtain; and now the principal actor of that night has gone too. What shadows we are! George Hudson did some great works in his day, and no doubt some very questionable things. But he was not alone; thousands were as bad as he—only they were not found out. Since the above was written I have discovered a few more matters which may be interesting to my readers. For a long time Mr. Hudson lived in Paris. About two years ago some old friends subscribed and bought him a life annuity of £600 a year. He then came to London, and took lodgings at the house of Mr. Bosworth, cheesemonger, Churton-street, Pimlico, who was the Railway King's butler in prosperous days. Mr. Hudson had been ailing for some weeks past, but only ailing; no one dreamed of danger. But on his return from York, last week, he complained of difficulty in breathing; and that night, or the next day, he died in his chair, of disease of the heart. He has left a widow and two sons. One of his sons is a sub-inspector of factories; the other lived with his father. Mrs. Hudson did not live with her husband. He was in his seventy-second year.

During the debates in and out of Parliament on the subject of national education we have heard, are daily hearing, and shall again hear, much about national education in Germany—how all the people are educated there. By education in Germany I suppose the talkers generally mean that most of the people can read, write, and cipher, and know something of geography. But many facts which have come to my knowledge prove to me that German national education means a good deal more than that. The number of books published in Germany proves that there must be a vast number of readers there. Here is an excerpt from an advertisement on the cover of a German work which, as showing the character of the books which the people buy, astonished me; please to note the prices of these books, and remember that, if publishers can make a profit at such prices, they must sell very large numbers indeed:—"Spinoza's Ethics" sells for 15 silver groschen—i.e., about 1s. 4d.; "Kant's Critique of Pure Reason" for a thaler—i.e., 2s. 10d.; "Hume's Essays," 10 silver groschen; "Aristotle's Poétique," 5 silver groschen; "Buckle's History of Civilisation" (20 parts), at 5 silver groschen per part, about 8s. 6d. complete. The cheap edition here is 24s. Perhaps some of my readers may say, "Yes, but printing is cheaper in Germany than here." But it is not so. In no country in the world can books be printed cheaper than in England. The simple truth is, in Germany the multitude buy these books; in England, only a select few. Yes, this is what this little excerpt reveals; and if my reader will look steadily at the revelation and ponder it well, he will discover that this simple truth will develop some other truths of a surprising nature. Too high an education makes the people dis-

satisfied with their condition and unfits them to perform its duties, say many of our education reformers. Hence we hear in Parliament so often of "a suitable education." But the Germans, though more highly educated than anyone dreams of educating the English people, are certainly not specially dissatisfied people, nor are they unfitted to perform their duties, or specially prone to disloyalty or revolutionary changes. On the contrary, a very patient, enduring, industrious, contented people are these Germans; whilst, on the other hand, they can resent, and have resented, an infringement of their rights, achieved a freedom which their fathers never enjoyed, and mean to extend it, and will extend it. This little fact goes very far, farther and farther the more we look at it. Do I see, or is it imaginary, a thread of connection between it and Gravelotte, Sedan, the siege of Paris, and all the other wonders of the late war?

Mr. Justice George, the Irish papers tell us, is dead. Mr. Justice George was made a Judge by Lord Derby in 1865, when so many Irish lawyers were lifted on to the Bench. Mr. George was a very excellent man, and doubtless a good Judge; but, excellent man as he was, his promotion to the Bench was a relief to the House, for he was one of its dullest, prosiest speakers, and withal one of the most prolix. It was said of him once by a member, "As for George, there never seems to me any reason why he should begin to speak, and when he is speaking there never seems any reason why he should leave off." And this was true, so quiet and easy was the monotonous flow of his talk that physical exhaustion could not be hoped for; and as to the exhaustion of his matter, there was no matter to exhaust. But he is silent now and for evermore. Mr. George was a director of the Peninsular and Oriental Company—one of the original directors, when it was started in Dublin.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

It would be no compliment at all to Mr. Watts Phillips to look at his new play from merely the PRINCESS's sensation-drama point of view. The most extravagant and pointless sensationalism has been seen at this theatre, very often accompanied by almost indescribable feebleness of composition. Possibly this theatre, like many others, has a *clientelle*; and it is not improbable that Messrs. Webster and Chatterton think it no bad policy to keep up the sensation character at all hazards. Authors are, doubtless, specially enjoined to bring no goods to the Oxford-street market unless they are particularly spicy. Bad plays will then be made to go by Mr. F. Loyde, the scene-painter; and good plays must come under the Lloydian harrow, or they will be ignominiously sent about their business. Unluckily for the new drama, called "On the Jury," it was destined, before it was produced, to be surgically operated on by Mr. F. Loyde. It was pronounced a fit subject for an operation, and it has suffered accordingly. When shall we come to the end of realised horrors? Suicides off Southwark Bridge, real cabs on that of Waterloo, kitchens of thieves under the Dark Arches, murders in railway-trains, threatened murders in workshops by means of a circular saw, deaths in locks and at water-mills, houses on fire, railway accidents, and many other horrors of the police courts, have been shown us on the stage, but the ingenuity of Mr. Lloyd has not yet been exhausted. Piling the knocking down of a woman by a hansom cab, we have done most of the daily horrors of the streets and river. It remained to give us a racing-boat cut down by a Woolwich steamer, an incident which is dragged into the new drama in order to ruin it. The scene is as clumsy, ineffective, and unnatural as ever, and it is almost treated as ludicrous by the "groundlings," who were to have been delighted—according to the theory of the management. But for the acting of Mr. Phelps, if for nothing else, the new play is well worth seeing. Carefully avoiding any direct imitation of Sir Pertinax Macintosh, though the action of the character is very similar, Mr. Phelps carries everything before him, and acts Mr. Webster and all the young people literally into a corner. He has more life and vivacity than half a dozen of the young people, and sets them a brilliant example of energy. Mr. Webster is dolorous, and walls in a very minor key. He cannot stand against the *verve* and *élan* of Mr. Phelps. Miss Julia Daly is clever without a doubt; Miss Furtado pretty, but a little affected and mannered; and Mr. Shore a fresh example of the impossibility to get young men to make love without looking, walking, and talking in a very stilted and unnatural manner. If Miss Furtado were wise—or rather if she valued her art—she would not dress so smartly when she is in miserable circumstances; and Mr. Phelps should not introduce himself to a stranger as "Dexter Sanderson, M.P." The play will be sure to live, because of the sensation; and it is well worth seeing, both on account of the acting of Mr. Phelps and Miss Hudspeth (his daughter-in-law), and on account of the good laugh which is in store for anyone who sees Mr. Lloyd's notion of colour in St. James's Park. A more astonishing picture has never been shown on the stage.

Miss Neilson has taken her benefit and departed from London for a time. A better house should have assembled to see her Rosalind—a charming performance—and to notice how her power has increased in Pauline during the fourth act of the "Lady of Lyons." The general acting in both plays was very disgraceful, and utterly unworthy of the boards of DRURY LANE—a theatre which, in spite of sham fights and tournaments, still has a history which ought to be jealously guarded. There is not a transpontine theatre in London which, except as regards the principal character, could not have cast "As You Like It" and the "Lady of Lyons" more respectably.

On Boxing Night the COURT produces "Do-the-Boys Hall," another dramatic version of "Nicholas Nickleby."

FIRST SURREY RIFLES.

Representations of Mr. Tom Taylor's comedy, "Still Waters Run Deep," and Mr. J. M. Morton's farce, "The Little Savage," were given by the members of the 1st Surrey Rifles, in their drill-hall, Camberwell, on Tuesday evening last. The comedy, on the whole, was creditably acted. Ensign Foudrinier's John Mildmay and Corporal Macklin's Captain Hawksley were of great merit. The scene in the office between these two gentlemen was most cleverly sustained. Corporal Macklin surprised me; from his previous efforts I had no idea he could have played the part so well. Private Dearly's Gimlet was the most eccentric-looking detective I ever saw, which is saying a good deal considering the many curious specimens that have been exhibited during the last few years. Mr. Calthorpe, who played Mr. Potter with very questionable taste, introduced a silly piece of "gag" about the Tichborne trial. The amateurs were assisted by Miss Harvey appearing as Mrs. Hector Sternhold, and Miss Daubeny as Mrs. Mildmay. The "waits" were wretchedly long, and the efforts of Mr. Calcott's brilliant band were only partially successful in dispelling their dreariness. I grant that the mounting of the scenes was complete in every detail, but I certainly consider that the intervals devoted to their setting were unnecessarily long; half the time should have been fully sufficient. Either the "carpenters" were very dilatory in their movements, which is hardly likely, or the scenery was worked on a very bad principle; and this, I have little doubt, was the real cause of the delay. In "The Little Savage" Private Ruston's John Parker, the boor, was excellent; his John Parker, the gentleman, was hardly so good. Mr. Calthorpe, as Lionel Larkins, endeavoured to imitate Mr. John S. Clarke, and failed. The Kate Dalrymple of Miss Daubeny was passable. "Carriages at 10.45"—so said the announcement on the programme; but, as the curtain did not finally fall till nearly half-past eleven, the carriages were compelled to wait; mine not among the number, for trains, as well as time and tide, tarry for no man.

The Theatre Royal, Croydon, somewhat beyond the limits of a London lounge's province, is now in the hands of Mr. Thomas Lacy, son of the well-known play publisher, of the Strand. Mr. Thomas Lacy, though a young man, is not necessarily a theatrical

tyro; far from it. Mr. Lacy has done what at one time every actor was compelled to do—he has served his apprenticeship in the provinces. A pantomime, founded on the familiar nursery legend of "The House that Jack Built," and written by Mr. C. A. Maltby, will be the Christmas novelty. Mr. Maltby's pantomime, if I mistake not, will have the honour of being the first original piece produced in Croydon. Mr. Lacy has my best wishes for the success of his enterprise.

FROZEN OUT FORESTERS.

WHEN Burns wrote the "Auld Farmer's New-Year's-Day Address to his Auld Mare Maggie," he touched a deep sentiment of humanity—the desire to make even animals share in the better feelings and higher sympathies that come in periods of gladness or the loving celebration of anniversaries. The ever-welcome robin seems to have a more sacred welcome at Christmas-tide; domestic pets are included in the general desire to make everything participate in the festivities of the season; and canaries are too often made dyspeptic with extra sugar lumps, or small dogs driven to the verge of asthma by instalments of almonds and raisins. It is a wonderfully suggestive text, this relation of the brute world to ourselves, through our habit of imputing to animals some of the faculties, and even some of the sentiments, by which we are actuated; but we do not now mean to preach upon it. Our illustration will serve to point all the moral that is needed, and the duty is comprised in the grand old precept, "The merciful man is merciful to his beast," and in that tender recognition of the claims of the brute creation involved in the unquestionable assumption that no man would leave his ox or his ass to perish even on the most sacred day of the most ceremonial observance. Of the wild animals who seek their food afar from the haunts of men we have made some half tame; and in many places even the deer—grand-antlered stags and tender does, and lanky, soft-muzzled fawns—have become as only half-wild cattle on our domains. They will come and wait for our bounty in stress of weather; and in times of hard freezing-out even the untamed creatures of the woods will seek the outskirts of our home-steads, and so make themselves properly chargeable on us by their need and by the advances that they are constrained to make towards friendship.

HYMN TO THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

Spirit of Christmas! eloquent art thou.
Of charity and peace thy presence tells,
And while thy white looks shimmer round thy brow,
Break into peals of gladness, dear old bells!
'Tis morn; the clouds in rosy radiance roll,
Oh! thus may earthly cares and griefs take flight,
An inner sunshine bathe each suffering soul,
And thrill it with delight!

Spirit of Christmas, lo, the eastern skies
With signal-fires of mercy are ablaze.
A smile of joy awakes in Morning's eyes,
And snows, like jewels, sparkle in its rays;
Thus Love transforms to gems the outcast's tears,
To shine with glory in the Saviour's crown,
Dissolving with its smile the icy fears
Which bow the spirit down.

Spirit of Christmas! round the Christmas tree
Let children throng—He bless'd the infant band—
Let age rejoice to join their sportive glee,
And hearty be the grasp of Friendship's hand.
Home's darlings sundered are for ever flown,
Lost as the spray that's scattered on the shore;
Like frail fragments by the tempest strown,
We gather them no more.

Spirit of Christmas! faces dear we miss,
And voices that we loved are hushed for aye,
And lips are absent that we ne'er shall kiss,
Except in dreams by night and thoughts by day.
Chime on, ye bells! and let the bough be hung
With pearly berries where Joy's circles meet;
Long live the season which to old and young
Doth bring such favours sweet!

Spirit of Christmas! snow spreads like a pall,
And autumn's tints have faded from the scene;
But heavenly manna is the food of all
Whose hearts with love are ever fresh and green.
O Heart of Sorrow, in the darkness sing,
Though, freezing as it falls, descends the rain:
The blazing ingle-nook with mirth may ring,
If frost's not in the brain.

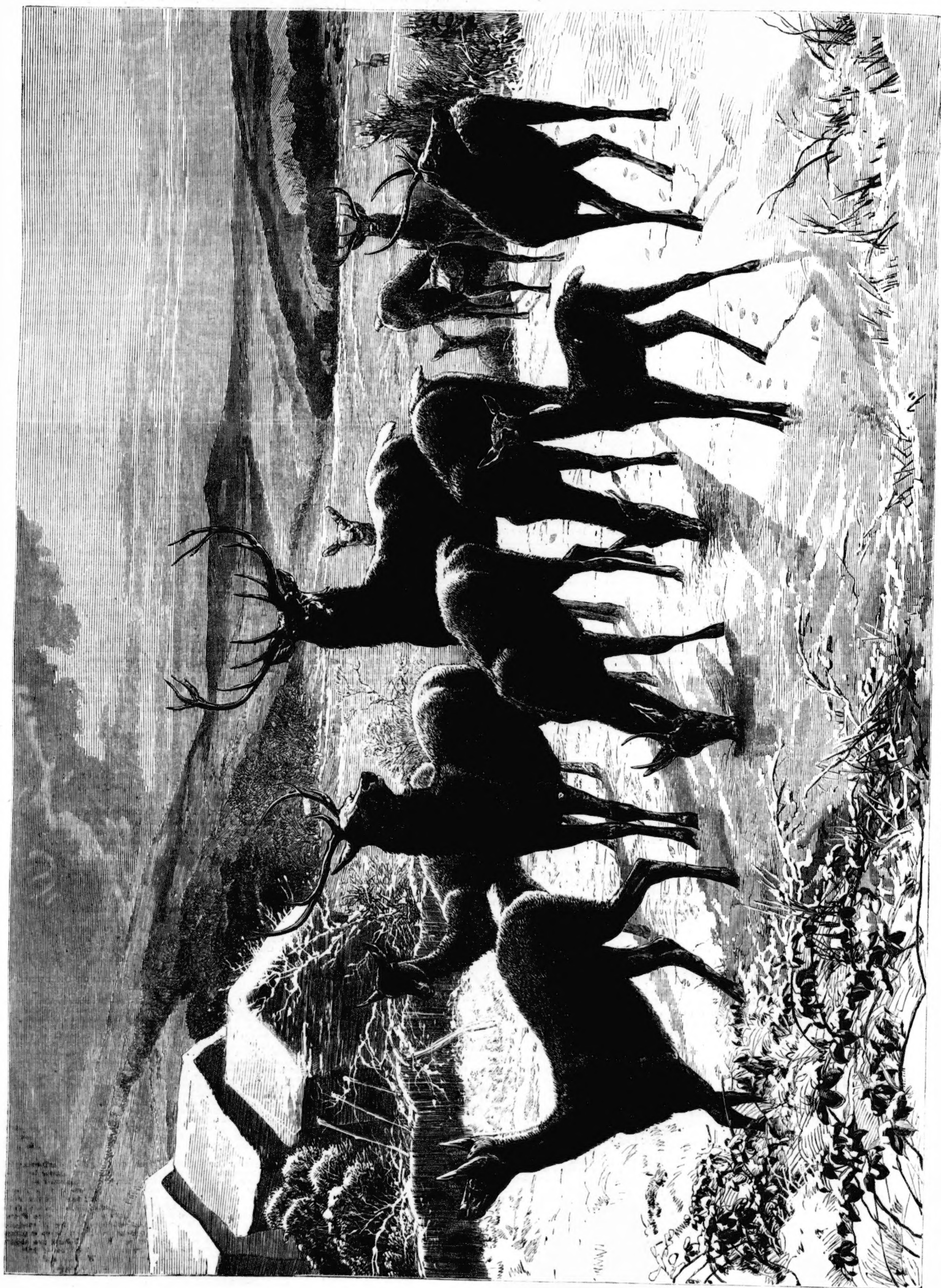
Spirit of Christmas! hark! o'er ocean's foam,
From windy headlands, peal the Christmas bells:
Each heart, on board yon ship, that yearns for home,
This magic hour with fond remembrance swells.
The white-lipp'd waves are whispering at the prow,
The moon-kiss'd sails like burnish'd pinions play—
Perchance of dear ones they are thinking now,
While listening in the bay.

Spirit of Christmas! either cup or mite,
That to the wretched and the poor is given,
Equals the gift of splendour in His sight,
And makes a link to bind the soul to Heaven.
Oh, take each day one stone from misery's heap!
Oh, heal but one of all the hearts that ache!
Oh, dry one tear of all the eyes that weep,
For the Redeemer's sake!

SHELDON CHADWICK.

HOW COLLIERY EXPLOSIONS ARE CAUSED.—The utter recklessness of colliers was illustrated during the hearing of some cases at the Dewsbury West Riding Police Court on Monday. Henry Brook, John Parkinson, and Joseph Kilson were charged with violating one of the special rules of the Hasting-lane Colliery, Thornhill, near Dewsbury, in which they were employed, by unlocking their safety-lamps and removing the gauze when in the mine. There was a charge against another collier, named James Rainey, of breaking another special rule by taking a quantity of lucifer-matches into the workings. The case against Kilson broke down, but it was proved that on Sept. 27 Brook and Parkinson unlocked their lamps and worked with the light naked. An explosion followed, which caused the death of two colliers and burnt five others. It set the mine on fire, and it had to be flooded before the flames were extinguished. A large number of men and boys were thrown out of employment for several weeks. When the water had been pumped out there were found the lamps that had been tampered with, and in the pocket of a waistcoat which Rainey had left behind a large number of lucifer-matches. This man the Magistrate committed for fourteen days, but Brook and Parkinson each were sent to gaol for a month.

NATIONALITY OF COPERNICUS.—The approaching 400th anniversary of the birth of Copernicus has revived a contest of long standing between Poland and Germany, each of which claims the great astronomer as a son. The Germans argue that he was a German, because he was born in Thorn, which at the time of his birth was under German rule; to which the Poles reply that Thorn was then really a Polish town, having been separated from Poland only seven years before; that his father and mother were Poles; that when he had studied at Padua he enrolled himself among the students of the Polish nationality; and that throughout his life he gave constant proofs of his attachment to Poland and her King. Poland has always honoured Copernicus as one of her greatest men. A statue of him was erected by national subscription many years ago at Warsaw, and there are two others at Cracow, besides which numerous Polish medals and books have been issued in celebration of his memory. The anniversary above mentioned will be celebrated on Feb. 19, 1873, and great preparations are already being made at Posen for the occasion. The "Society of the Friends of Learning" in the old Polish city held a meeting the other day, at which it was decided, on the motion of a Polish clergyman, Canon Polkowski, to offer a prize for the best life of Copernicus, comprising the results of the latest investigations on the subject, and to publish it in the Polish, French, and German languages.—*Full Mail Gazette*.



"FROZEN-OUT" FORESTERS IN SEARCH OF FOOD.—(DRAWN BY P. W. KEEL.)



SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS! hark! o'er ocean's foam,
From windy headlands, peal the Christmas bells:
Each heart, on board yon ship, that yearns for home,
This magic hour with fond remembrance swells.

The white-lipp'd waves are whispering at the prow,
The moon-kiss'd sails like burnish'd pinions play—
Perchance of dear ones they are thinking now,
While listening in the bay.

ON THE OCEAN: LISTENING TO THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.—(DRAWN BY A. SLADER.)

DRAINAGE OF THE THAMES VALLEY.

MR. BAZALGETTE, C.B., having carried out his plan for the main drainage of the metropolis, is now identified with a project for draining the towns and villages which lie between London and Windsor. We will begin by describing the chief engineering features of the scheme. The main sewer commences just outside the metropolitan area, about midway between Notting-hill and Acton. Having run rather more than half a mile from east to west, the line of sewer turns off, and goes from north to south, and sweeps through Chiswick. Thence it curves back again so as to pass through Brentford, receiving a branch from Ealing, and another from Hanwell. Passing round through Isleworth, and skirting Twickenham Park, the main sewer receives a branch which is itself formed by the junction of two sewers, one beginning at Barnes, and passing through Mortlake, while the other begins at Kew. These two branches meet to the north-west of Richmond, and then pass through that town, dipping under the Thames, and joining the main line near Marble-hill. Following the main line through Twickenham, we find it shooting down between Strawberry-hill and Blackmoor-hill to Hampton. Here it is joined by a branch sewer which is in itself the nucleus of several others. The longest of these commences immediately outside the metropolitan boundary at Tooting, and, passing by Merton, takes an entire run of about four miles. A sewer beginning at Lower Morden and another at Malden speedily unite, and their conjoined line, after traversing the space of a mile, becomes united with the Tooting and Merton branch. The line then goes on to Norbiton, where it receives a branch rather more than two miles long from Petersham, after which the course lies through the northern part of Kingston and across the Thames. Immediately after passing the river a branch is received from Teddington, and the line goes on between Hampton Court Park and Bushey Park to Hampton, where the main sewer is joined, as previously stated. A mile further westward the sewer enters a pumping station situated near the waterworks of the West Middlesex, the Grand Junction, and the Southwark and Vauxhall Water Companies. Into the same pumping station there will flow the contents of a sewer from the southern side of the river, being itself formed of three branches. One of these starts from Sarbiton and sweeps round through Thames Ditton. After crossing the river Mole it is joined by a branch from Esher, and then goes on to West Moulsey, where it is joined by a sewer coming from the westward, starting from Weybridge, and passing Walton-on-Thames. From West Moulsey the united streams pass under the Thames into the Hampton pumping station, which, however, is at some distance from the town of that name. Mitcham and Wimbledon are also to be drained into this system.

It will be observed that the general course of the sewer is directly the contrary of that which appertains to the metropolitan drainage, the general tendency being westward rather than eastward. Gravitation carries the sewage to the Hampton pumping station; but, in order to get the requisite fall, the sewage is at length thrown so low down that it has to be lifted by steam-power. Obviously it must require no small engineering skill to carry the sewage away westward from London and to provide for the drainage of the low-lying districts on the banks of the Thames. All the sewers spoken of are really main sewers, and must be capable of receiving the flow from the auxiliary sewers which the local authorities may construct to run into them. With this passing explanation, we proceed to deal with the further portion of the plan. From the pumping station near Hampton the main line goes westward to Sunbury, where it is joined by a branch at least eight miles in length, starting from Southall, in Middlesex, and passing through or by Norwood, Heston, Hounslow, Hanworth, and Sunbury. Two miles farther on comes another junction, at Halliford, where a branch sewer brings down the drainage of Laleham, Littleton, and Shepperton. Between two and three miles farther away the line reaches Chertsey, after crossing the Thames. Here another system of branches enters the main sewer, these having their general direction really down the valley. The longest lies most to the westward, and commences at Eton and Windsor, passing round through Datchet, across the Thames, and by Old Windsor and Egham, to a point nearly opposite Staines, where it is joined by a sewer which brings down the drainage of Colnbrook and Horton, together with that of Staines. From this junction the branch goes on to join the main sewer at Chertsey. The plan includes a pumping-station and covered regulating sewage reservoir, to be located near the Chertsey gasworks, not far from the railway station. The steam power at this spot is intended to raise the united volume of sewage, so that it may enter another reservoir situated two miles distant to the south-west.

At this point we reach the ultimate destination of the sewage. The drainage area traversed by the main sewers is about one hundred square miles, with about 300,000 inhabitants, a population which has increased by more than one third since the Census of 1861. The sewage thus obtained is to be discharged upon about 3000 acres of sandy and heath lands, commanded by the reservoir last mentioned, which is situated at the northern extremity of what is intended to become a sewage farm. The area to be irrigated lies between Woking and Bagshot, and is traversed by the Bourne Brook. Chobham lies close on the west, and Woking is rather more than a mile distant on the south. Woodham Heath occupies the south-east portion of the farm. The Bourne Brook, we may observe, flows into the Thames to the north of Weybridge. The capacity of the proposed sewers is stated to be sufficient to provide for double the present population. The area of the sewage farm is another question, and, were it not for the extremely absorbent nature of the soil, the proportion of one hundred persons per acre as a commencement would seem rather alarming. But the sandy waste over which the sewage is to be poured is a redeeming feature, so far as sanitary purposes are concerned.

The estimated cost of carrying out Mr. Bazalgette's plan is £630,000. It is assumed that the money could be raised on the security of the rates at a little under 4 per cent, the loan to be paid off in sixty years. The first year's outlay would, therefore, be £35,000 for interest and redemption of principal. Pumping, maintenance, and management would amount to £6000, making a total of £41,000. The return from the irrigated farm, estimated at £8 per acre, would be £24,000, leaving therefore a net deficiency of £17,000. The rateable value of the parishes proposed to be dealt with is at present £1,174,317. From this we have to deduct for land rated at only one fourth the sum of £174,317, leaving a million sterling as the net rateable value. Accordingly, a four-penny rate would cover the first year's expenditure. The population is expected to double itself in thirty years, and, of course, the rateable value will increase. The drainage rate will diminish year by year, becoming 2d. in ten years and 1½d. in twenty years, dwindling down to ½d. in thirty years, by which time the sewage works and the farm will become the unencumbered property of the ratepayers.

The mode of carrying out this plan is by means of an Act of Parliament to form a board of commissioners, to be elected from the parishes interested, these commissioners having power to raise funds, execute works, purchase lands, &c. This board (called the Thames Sewerage Commission) is also to have a general control over the sewer authorities of the several parishes, so as to secure the efficient adaptation of the parochial drainage to the general system. Of course, the prospect of this measure being carried depends very much on the disposition of the parishes concerned. Great stress is laid on the circumstance that the towns and villages above London are in a dilemma, in consequence of the action of the Thames Conservators under their new Acts of Parliament. The Thames is being closed against the reception of sewage, and the public feeling of the metropolis is decidedly opposed to any possible pollution of the water supply. What to do with their sewage is the question which these up-river towns have to consider, and it is a question which causes them no little embarrassment. Proposals to adopt sewage irrigation in the case of individual towns have met with strenuous opponents, and great difficulties have beset all attempts to find suitable localities for sewage farms in such cases. By the comprehensive scheme of the Thames Sewerage Commission it is thought that a number of towns may

be simultaneously benefited, and the sewage placed where it can neither do harm nor offend anybody.

Ostensibly Mr. Bazalgette's plan delivers the Thames from the risk of sewage pollution in respect to the towns and villages situated in the drainage area referred to. But it is certain that the sewage of 300,000 persons, thrown upon ever so sandy a waste, will not altogether remain there. The great bulk of it will pass away as an effluent water, and will take its natural course to the Thames. The question then arises as to the purity of the effluent or drainage water. Mr. Bazalgette cites authorities and instances to show that the purification of sewage is governed by principles which will be fully complied with by carrying out his plan. Sewage irrigation, or sewage filtration—the latter as conducted through land on Dr. Frankland's principle—ought certainly to purify sewage sufficiently to protect the water supply. This result has been obtained by Mr. Hope and others, and if there be any failure it must arise from imperfect arrangements. It is rather curious, however, to find that the advocates of Mr. Bazalgette's plan are endeavouring to show that all methods for treating sewage chemically have failed. Mr. Bazalgette himself, in a letter which he has just sent forth, signifies that no chemical process has yet given an effluent water so pure as that which flows from land irrigated with the sewage of Birmingham. It is quite possible, however, that very strong sanitary objections will be made to Mr. Bazalgette's plan, though upon the whole the scheme is apparently a very good one. Objections may also be taken on financial grounds, and we may expect that the proposed bill will be stubbornly fought against in Parliament. Yet there are cogent reasons why the bill should be welcomed, seeing that a very serious question is raised by the present state of affairs. The status quo cannot continue. London, having carried its own sewage away at a cost of more than £4,000,000, refuses to have its water supply contaminated by the towns up the stream. The water companies themselves, who are paying a large annual contribution to the Thames Conservancy Board, claim to have the river kept clear of sewage. Something must be done, and that soon, and Mr. Bazalgette's scheme appears to offer one way of accomplishing that which is required, relieving the towns of their sewage, and protecting the river from pollution. There is certainly one unfortunate feature in Mr. Bazalgette's plan—the Bourne Brook, which will receive the drainage from the Bagshot sewage farm, enters the Thames at no great distance above the intake of several of the London water companies. The subject is receiving the attention of the Court of Common Council in the City, and we may expect that they will carefully investigate the question, so as to discover whether there is any probability of the sewage farm acting injuriously on the waters of the Thames. It has already been suggested that the sewage above London ought to be intercepted and carried to an outfall below it. Such waste would be a matter for regret, and we fancy there is quite enough sewage already cast into the Thames below the metropolitan boundary. We welcome Mr. Bazalgette in the character of a sewage utiliser. Hitherto he has done more than any man to throw sewage away.—Standard.

THE RELIGION OF A MINOR.—The Lord Chancellor of Ireland gave judgment, last Saturday, in the case of the minor William Peter Garnett, which involved a question as to the religious belief in which the child should be educated. The infant's father, who resided in the county of Meath, was a Protestant, and the mother when married was a Protestant, but had changed her religion, and after her husband's death took the boy—who is now thirteen years of age—away from the Protestant school in which he had been placed by his father, and had him sent to a Roman Catholic establishment. One of the guardians brought the matter into court, and applied for the custody of the infant to have him brought up a Protestant. Contradictory statements were made in affidavits as to the religious impression of the infant, and the Lord Chancellor reserved his judgment. His Lordship held that there were exceptional circumstances in the case which took it out of the ordinary rule that a child should be brought up in the religion of the father. Mr. Garnett appeared to have loose ideas of religion. He married, in the first instance, a Roman Catholic lady, and allowed all the children by that marriage to be brought up Roman Catholics. The sisters of his second wife were Roman Catholics, and he took no interest in the child's religion until he was eight or nine years of age, but allowed him to be taken to chapel, although told that the result would be that the infant would become a Roman Catholic. He had, moreover, displaced his brother as one of the guardians, and substituted his wife, although she had become a Roman Catholic. Under these circumstances, it seemed to the Court impossible to hold that the case came within the ordinary presumption; on the contrary, it was clear that it came within the exception, and that the father having allowed the child to form religious impressions, he could not now be brought up in a different creed. He had seen the child, who was remarkably intelligent and well instructed in the Roman Catholic religion, and expressed a desire to be brought up in that faith. The petition was accordingly refused, each party to bear their own costs.

OUR TRADE WITH THE UNITED STATES.—The value of the total trade between the United Kingdom and the United States in 1870 reached the large amount of £81,110,924, an amount never reached in any preceding year. This does not include bullion and specie; our registered imports of bullion and specie from the United States exceeded £10,000,000 sterling. Our imports of merchandise from the United States were of the value of £49,804,835—a larger amount than in any preceding year. Our exports thereto comprised British and Irish produce and manufactures of the value of £28,335,394, and foreign and colonial £2,970,695, making together £31,306,089, an amount which was somewhat exceeded in one year—the memorable year of 1866. The four leading articles in the list of our imports from the United States were of the following values in 1870:—Raw cotton, £31,345,248; corn, £8,094,420; tobacco and cigars, £1,064,911; cheese, £1,861,263. The cotton was 6,395,045 cwt. in quantity, and £31,345,248 in value; the cotton was exceeded in 1864, 1865, 1866, 1869, 1870, and 1861, and the value was exceeded in 1866. Such have been the fluctuations in the price of cotton that in 1869 we imported from the United States 9,963,309 cwt. for the sum of £30,069,306, and in 1866 only 4,643,370 cwt. for £34,977,986. The largest entries among the exports to the United States of produce and manufactures of the United Kingdom in 1870 are these:—Woolens, £4,502,936; cottons, £4,140,968; linens, £3,175,774; iron, wrought and unwrought, £5,720,073; tin plates, £1,762,914; apparel and haberdashery, £1,119,521. The amount was exceeded before the civil war in the instance of cottons and haberdashery; it was also exceeded in these articles and in woolens and in linens just after the close of the war; in our exports of iron and of tin plates the value reached in 1870 had never before been attained. The declared value of our export to the United States of produce and manufactures of the United Kingdom attained its maximum in 1866—viz., £28,499,514; in 1867 it was £21,825,703; in 1868, £21,431,632; in 1869, £24,624,311; in 1870, £28,335,394. Our export to other countries in 1870 of cotton of the United States amounted to 578,434 cwt. of the value of £2,834,287. Our import of raw cotton from all countries in 1870 reached 11,949,157 cwt. and our export of raw cotton was 2,812,773 cwt.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.—Nearly twenty years back (says the *New York Times*) there lived in Rio Janeiro an English merchant, whose life seemed entirely devoted to the pursuit of fortune. He had come to Brazil poor, and, by resolute work and some luck, acquired a competency. This done, after many vicissitudes, he went home for a visit. While at home he met a beautiful orphan girl; the pair were married, and returned together to Brazil. Two children were born to them. Worldly prosperity still attended the merchant, who from time to time repeated his visit to England. On one of these occasions strange rumours came to his ears prejudicial to his wife. They were little heeded at first; but, by degrees, suspicion became jealous fury, and the wife was accused by her lord of infidelity. The lady, being proud and sensitive to a fault, indignantly denied the charge. A separation was agreed upon, and an annuity was settled on the wife. Heartick and weary of associations, the merchant wound up his affairs in Brazil and came to North America. Wandering vaguely about in the West, he fell in with a party of Red River traders, and subsequently did a good deal of business in and about close intimacies, and was notable for his grave taciturnity and the strict honour of all his dealings. He refused invariably to mingle in any social pleasures whatever, and impressed all who came in contact with him as a man who laboured under ineradicable suffering. These years rolled on, and the wife had married again—the terms of separation under Brazilian law allowing that step. She, however, forfeited her annuity by it, which proved in the end a serious misfortune. Her second husband fell into bad health, and died a year or two after the marriage. This left the wife and her two children in destitute circumstances; and she then, like her first husband, became an uneasy wanderer up and down the earth. Led by some mysterious influence, she came to the United States, and in the fall of 1869 she, too, was in St. Paul. It is a surprising statement to make, but there is no doubt of the fact, that the couple met once more, that the old feeling revived, that the lady conclusively established her innocence in the mind of her husband, that they were married again, and have lived in the utmost felicity together ever since. The twice-wedded pair have once more sailed across the sea to settle down for the remainder of life in their old home.

MUSIC.

VERY few concerts immediately precede Christmas, and it will not take us long to deal with those given during the last few days. The Sacred Harmonic Society's performance of "Athalia" and the "Mount of Olives," yesterday week, was scarcely as perfect as might have been desired. Mendelssohn's music had evidently not been rehearsed sufficiently, and the "attack" of the chorists was hesitating, while the band played with coarseness rather than delicacy. Beethoven's work received better treatment; the march and chorus of soldiers and the final "Hallelujah" being specially effective. Madame de Wilhorst sang the soprano solos, and was assisted by Miss Vinta. In the "Mount of Olives" Mr. J. H. Pearson took the place of Mr. Rigby, absent through illness, and made a very favourable impression by means of a voice the capabilities of which are great. The bass solos could have been in no better hands than those of Mr. Lewis Thomas. Last night (Friday) the society was to give its annual performance of "The Messiah."

The Crystal Palace concert of last Saturday was devoted to "Elijah," with Madame Rudersdorf, Mr. Byron, and Herr Stockhausen among the principal vocalists. These artists did their duty; but the general performance was not remarkable on account of merit; and it may be questioned whether oratorios at the Saturday Concerts are not entirely out of place.

The last Popular Concert before Christmas was given, in St. James's Hall, last Monday, and had, as its specialty, the performance of M. Delaborde on the new pedal pianoforte of Messrs. Broadwood and Sons. M. Delaborde introduced and very well played two charming little pieces—a Canon and Sketch—by Schumann, and the splendid Toccata of Bach in F major. His pedalling excited a great deal of interest, and was loudly applauded. Other features of this concert were a quintet by Onslow, played for the first time, and not rapturously received; the fragmentary quartet found among Mendelssohn's posthumous works; and Beethoven's early pianoforte trio in D. Mr. Sims Reeves sang "In Native Worth," Schubert's "Faded Flowers," and a charming song by Sir Sterndale Bennett, with infinite grace, and excited the customary enthusiasm.

"The Messiah" performance in connection with the Oratorio Concerts took place, at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday. Madame Scherering, Mr. Reeves, and Herr Stockhausen were among the soloists.

NEW MUSIC.

Visions of By-Gone Years. Song. Written by Roscoe Morgan; composed by W. T. WRIGHTON. London: R. Cocks and Co.

This is a very simple song in the well-known style of Balfe. Its melody is capable of much expression, and the words show poetic feeling. The accompaniment is easy enough for a mere tyro to play a *prima vista*. Key, B flat major; compass, D to F—ten notes.

Alone. Song. Written by Mrs. R. B. Tritton; composed by Miss M. LINDSAY. R. Cocks and Co.

The music of Miss Lindsay (Mrs. Bliss) has acquired such favour among a large class of amateurs that it can hardly be needless to do more than call attention to the above song. We must say, however, that Mrs. Tritton's verses are eloquently descriptive of the feelings of one who has seen all earthly friends depart; while the melody, simply accompanied, is of such a character that very little art from the vocalist secures a good effect. "Alone" will certainly enjoy a deserved popularity. Key, D major; compass, within the octave.

The Wide-Awake Quadrilles. Composed by C. H. R. MARRIOTT. R. Cocks and Co.

A lively and dainty set, easy to play and agreeable to hear. The titlepage shows a pet Maltese terrier in a very "wide-awake" condition indeed.

The Escort Galop. By CHARLES GODFREY, B.M. Royal Horse Guards. London: Duff and Stewart.

An appropriately martial character is given to this galop, which otherwise has the claims belonging to a very good thing of its kind. Mr. Godfrey has been careful to avoid all difficulty, and "household pianists" will find themselves on the best terms with his music. A representation of a state procession, blazing with crimson and gold, adorns the titlepage.

Christmas Revels Galop. Composed by E. SAUERBREY. Duff and Stewart.

A galop inspired by Christmas revelry ought to be of the "fast and furious." This requirement Mr. Sauerbrey has fairly met, and the piece before us is one of special attractiveness. Unflagging spirit, considerable variety of treatment, and good effect, are its main characteristics.

Scherzino for the Pianoforte. By TERESA CARRENO. Duff and Stewart.

Mlle. Carreno enjoys a reputation such as will secure for this piece a fair hearing. We doubt the propriety of the name she has chosen, there being very little of the scherzo about her music. Nevertheless, it is well written, has character, and can hardly fail to please. The transition from F major to A flat major, the entire episode in the latter key, and the return to the original tonic, are excellent specimens of the lady composer's skill.

An Evening Thought. Song Without Words, for the pianoforte. By Sir J. BENEDICT. Duff and Stewart.

Every admirer of Sir J. Benedict's music should have this charming piece. It begins with a cantabile (E major, andantino, three-four), and runs smoothly, varied by an elegant intermediate accompaniment, till an appassionata episode is entered upon and worked up with rare skill. Gradually subsiding on its tonic pedal (B major), this episode gives way to the original theme, after which a quiet coda ends the piece. We unreservedly commend "An Evening Thought" to all our readers who have a taste for high-class music.

O Loving Words. Song. Written by Miss L. S. MOORE; composed by W. SMALLWOOD. London: Brewer and Co.

A simple and unaffected song in F major, which hardly calls for criticism. Well sung, there are few who would not enjoy it. Compass of melody, C to D—nine notes.

Parting. Words translated from the German; music composed by F. WARNER. Brewer and Co.

If the melody of this song be not, like its words, derived from the German, Mr. Warner has succeeded in making a very clever imitation. We like it much. Unpretending, and marked by beauty as well as feeling, it can hardly fail to be attractive. Key D major, compass D to E—nine notes.

The Highland Lassic Quadrille. By WILHELM KELLER. Brewer and Co.

Ten of the best known Scottish airs are here adapted to dancing purposes in an easy and successful manner. A Highland lassie looks sweetly from the titlepage.

A WELSH CATTLE-DEALER was, last Saturday, fined £100 at Brentford for having driven ten cows suffering from the foot-and-mouth disease with a herd of healthy cattle. A drover in the employment of the defendant was fined £50 for a like offence.

THE DEATH IS ANNOUNCED OF GENERAL PATRICK CAMERON, senior General of the Madras cavalry, in his eighty-seventh year. He went to India in 1802, served in the campaign of 1805-6-7-8 and 9 in Berar, Candeleh, and the Nerbudda; in the campaign in the Northern Circars and Goomsoor in 1816 and 1817; in the Malabar campaign of 1817 and 1818; and in the Burmese campaign of 1826.

ELEGANT AND AMUSING CHRISTMAS DEVICES.

RIMMEL'S TOILETTE REQUISITES.—As is his wont, M. Eugene Rimmel has this year produced a great variety of elegant articles for the toilette-table. There are new and beautiful designs in Christmas cards, satchels, scent-cases, statuettes, &c., in ornate decorated receptacles in which lurk posies of sweet-smelling flowers, and beautiful perfumes. Among other special features of this year's toilet articles we may mention:—Christmas figures; fancy perfume-boxes, hampers, baskets, &c.; richly mounted scent-cases; musical photographic albums; scented jewels; Parisian and Viennese fans; novel and elegant crackers; Rimmel's Almanack for 1872, with fancy portraits of heroines of French poets, &c.

DEAN AND SON'S DEVICES.—Messrs. Dean and Son, of Ludgate-hill, as most juveniles know, are great purveyors of amusement for the young in the way of books, rare-shows, &c. This year they have gone in a little for science, after the manner in which it is taught at the Royal Polytechnic. Among other things they have produced a new "Prismatic Self-winding Colour Top," invented by the Rev. Richard Pilkington, and "highly approved of" by Professor Pepper—which, moreover, is, to our knowledge, "highly approved of" by more persons than the Professor: and our knowledge comes in this way. About a fortnight ago we placed one of Messrs. Dean's tops in the hands of a youth by no means Conservative in his proclivities in the matter of amusement; in fact, a very Radical in his love of change, to whom a new toy is a thing of beauty and a joy—for five minutes; and yet with our young friend the Prismatic Self-winding Colour Top is still an unexhausted source of interest and amusement. That, we think, is a fair test of its merits. Another of Messrs. Dean's devices, invented and approved as above, is the "Metaboloscope," by means of which a vast number of curious effects and optical illusions can be produced. A third device is the "Self-acting Champion Wrestlers," who, when handled as directed, go through an endless routine of violent contentions, and struggle for victory as eagerly as though they were veritable Lancashire or Cornwall athletes performing before an Agricultural Hall audience.

DEVICES OF THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.—The London Stereoscopic Company never fails to provide something new and ingenious at Christmastide, and this year it is to the fore with several novelties. Among them may be mentioned "The Cannon of Peace, for Manoeuvres by the Fireside," a welcome change from the sights and sounds of "grim-visaged war" with which we have been so familiar for the last two years; the "Temperament-Tester," an instrument by means of which both the physical and moral temperament may be measured, and which, in a company composed of youths and maidens, may be made to indicate in whom the "sacred fire of well-placed love" most warmly glows; and the "Chameleon Barometer," a simple contrivance that shows impending changes of weather almost as well as a Fitzroy, and much better than that popular device—a bunch of dried seaweed.

FANCY STATIONERY.—Messrs. Nelson and Sons have issued two pretty packets of coloured prints—Birds of the Bible, and Bible Animals—very nicely executed; and Messrs. Waring and Co., besides a host of capital books for the young, have published a pretty packet of twelve nursery stories, each containing seven pages of coloured plates, printed by Kroyheim. Among fancy stationery we may also mention Howlett's "Victoria Golden Almanack" and the "Dairy Reform Company's Almanack," both very neat bijou little articles, admirably adapted for the use of young ladies—the "Victoria" particularly, which is in the form of a miniature pocket-book, and, besides a calendar, includes a tiny memorandum-book and much useful information.

STRIKE OF THE MIDLAND RAILWAY EMPLOYEES AT DERBY.—On Tuesday afternoon the workmen employed at the Midland Railway Company's works turned out in a body in consequence of the determination of the directors respecting the apportionment of the hours of work. It will be remembered that the directors some time ago conceded the nine hours, or fifty-four hours weekly, but reserved to themselves how this time should be made. On Tuesday the question was considered, and the conclusion came to was that the men should work from six a.m. to 5.30 p.m., with allowances for breakfast and dinner, and leave on Saturdays at noon. The men wished, however, shorter meal-times, enabling them to leave at five o'clock each day, instead of 5.30. On this being refused to them, they turned out en masse to the number of 2000. It is said the departments are fully prepared to resist the demand of the men.

POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.—The Postmaster-General announces that the first delivery of letters will be the only one in London and its suburbs on Christmas Day. In London generally and the immediate suburbs letters for the night mails must be posted in the pillar letter-boxes, as there will be no collection from receiving-offices. The General Post Office and the branch office at Lombard-street will be open for two hours in the afternoon—viz., from five to seven p.m.—for the registration of letters and the sale of postage-stamps; and not for money orders or savings-bank business. The receiving-offices in London and the immediate suburbs will be closed. Newspapers and book-packets will be received for the night mails at the General Post Office, the district offices, and the branch offices at Lombard-street and Charing-cross, at the usual hours. There will be no collection, either from the town receiving-offices or pillar letter-boxes, at nine p.m.; but letters to be forwarded by the early morning mails on Tuesday, Dec. 26, will be collected from the district and branch offices and from the pillar-boxes in London and the immediate suburbs at the usual hours on Tuesday morning. In the more distant suburbs, letters, &c., for the night mails of Christmas Day and for the morning mails of Tuesday, Dec. 26, will be collected from the receiving-offices and pillar letter-boxes at the usual hours. No morning or mid-day mails will be dispatched from London to any town in England or Ireland on Christmas Day.

THE ORANGE CELEBRATIONS IN DERRY.—In Derry, on Monday morning, the anniversary of the shutting of the gates was ushered in with the booming of cannon and the ringing of the bells of the cathedral, from the spire of which floated a large crimson flag. Large numbers of police and mounted troops had been draughted into the city within the past few days, and every precaution taken to prevent a breach of the peace. The authorities took possession of Walker's Monument on the 7th, which they continued to hold, and on Monday morning they also took forcible possession of the Corporation-hall, which the Apprentice Boys had rented from the Mayor for the purpose of holding their meeting. Between eleven and twelve o'clock a number of Apprentice Boys, accompanied by Mr. William Johnston, M.P., and Mr. Rae, of Belfast, proceeded to the Corporation-hall and demanded admittance, but were refused. They then formed into a procession, donned their insignia, and proceeded towards the cathedral. The mounted police several times charged the procession, which, however, was never broken than it re-formed, eventually reaching the cathedral in good order, notwithstanding the attempts of the police to scatter them. The anniversary sermon was then preached by the Rev. William Anderson. In the evening an effigy of Lundy, about 16 ft. high, was burnt from the roof of an unoccupied house in the centre of the city, amidst a scene of the wildest excitement. The authorities only with great difficulty succeeded in preventing serious disturbances.

Literature.

BOOKS OF BEAUTY.

The publishers this year have not been less enterprising than their wont, and certainly no whit less successful, in producing "books for the season." They come to us from all quarters, are by a great variety of authors, deal with most diversified themes, are adapted to all sorts of people, and appeal to every possible style of taste. As usual, the juveniles—of both sexes and of all ages—have been especially cared for, and we wish space permitted of our noticing even a few of those emanating from each of the leading publishing houses. Our present business, however, is with what may more particularly be called "books of beauty," and only a small proportion of even these can we manage to mention.

Messrs. Nelson and Sons, of London and Edinburgh, have laid lovers of the beautiful under a deep debt of gratitude by the production of their magnificent series of "Art Gift-Books," several of which have already been noticed in our columns, with well-merited commendation. We have now before us two more volumes of the same series, of each of which it may be said that they not only equal, but excel, their predecessors. Giving the *poesie*, as in duty bound, to a lady, we first take up "Nature; or, The Poetry of Earth and Ocean," by

Madame Michel, a work which is in every respect beautiful—beautiful in matter, in style, in illustration, in print, and in binding. The translator has thoroughly caught the spirit of the author, and has done his work admirably; while the illustrations by Charles All (the illustrator of M. Michelet's "Bird"), of which there are two hundred in the book, are as varied as the subjects as they are excellent in design and finished in execution. From this splendid volume we give an illustration and an extract as specimens of the whole; but no specimen can convey an adequate idea of the merits of the work. The scene and extract we have chosen are of the woodlands, and treat of

THE OAK.

"The tree, superlatively strong—whose very name signifies force ('robur')—the oak has well deserved its vigour and indestructibility. Even from the very first its life may teach us lessons of gravity and constancy. We may learn from it how to found one's fortune by long-concentrated labour, long concealed without any thought of the world—how one develops into a mighty tree which defies the storm."

"From its birth it sets before itself this end: it knows that everything depends upon the beginnings. We see this plainly from the way in which it works when it has but just emerged from the acorn. Above ground you as yet see nothing, just as if it were not born. Look below. How straight it has planted its root, like a stake in the heart of the earth! At this moment it toils for two."

"The superb oak, which a hundred years hence will win so much admiration, is asleep to-day. It is waiting to mount towards the light that below affords a nourishment to the root scarcely born for providing it. Slow is the oak, just as it is strong."

"It has none of the impatience of ephemeral lives. It will allow the herbs and shrubs, in their hot desire to see the spring, to pass before it. A little later, it will even ask of them their light floating shadow to shelter its young stem from the too potent ardours of the sun. Two years more, and still it will have but a relative life; no leaves to nourish it, or, at the most, only some tiny scales which are simply rudimentary."

"All this because when one is an oak one has no need to venture rashly, to mount quickly, to be beautiful, elegant, and feeble. The dream of the oak, as I have said, is to be strong; and for this reason, before nourishing its stem, it makes its root powerful."

"Nor is food what at first it seeks. Before all, it needs a foundation. It will not always be a tiny sapling. A time will come when, upon the hill-side, it will extend its mighty branches, and weigh with all the weight of its immense crown upon the deep valley. Then the winds and the wild envious gale would be its master, if underground it had not close-clasped the soil, and embraced with its bowels of oak the bowels of its mother."

"A great work this, for a child who has just been thrown upon the world! It is not, however, without assistance. And it has, too, its milk, and its two strong nurses (cotyledons), who do not quit it, but share its subterranean existence. At other times they have seen the sun, and lived in the sunshine. It seems that they see it still, and supply to the root a little of that nutriment which the leaf would endeavour to seek on high, if it had already come."

"Finally, it has pushed forth a long and solid pivot, and strengthened its axis. It takes possession of all around it, projects its strong roots in every direction; roots without hair, but covered with delicate papillae. These are so many aspiring mouths which drink in with water all that the water has been able to dissolve, the mineral juices of the earth. An inert and inorganic food, on which man and animals would perish. But it is one of its peculiar powers that it can transform the dead into the living; that it can take the sand, and the silex, and the sandstone, and the limestone—all those lethargic materials—and awaken them, and work them, and transform them into the potent sap which nourishes the heart of the oak and gives it strength to endure a thousand years. It is with these little suckers that it searches, questions, feels, and penetrates the rude outer world. How many bruises, and checks, and obstacles will it have to encounter? Here, a great boulder to avoid; there, the sharp edge of a pebble, or some thin vein of gravel. Its danger lies in the fact that it has no power of self-concentration, of hiding its roots within itself. The thing is impossible; these roots are also hands; their mission is twofold—to feed it, and to anchor it firmly. It is indispensable, therefore, that it should use them externally as implements of work."

"Its severe miner's toil lasts about forty years, without affording it an opportunity for a single day to indulge in lighter thoughts. Our dumb worker has not always good fortune, as we see already in its irregular and, frequently, storm-twisted branches. Do not let us accuse it of caprice. It is the effect of the vicissitudes of fate, the revolution of good or bad years, of poor or rich soils. All things are not uniform when one lives for centuries. Here the earth was dry, and had not water sufficient to assist the sap in mounting higher; the last bourgeois are dead with thirst, and the branch is not completed. Further on, the soil proved too ungrateful; the root could not find in time a better vein; it has perished, and with it the bough which it supported. Dead and withered, it waits for a gust of wind to carry it away. How many times, in our little grove of oaks, have I had a revelation of these hidden vicissitudes! The tree was suffering, and on one side losing its strength, and unable any longer to throw out foliage in spring. We looked about, opened up the earth, and were not long in discovering the secret of its disease."

"Whenever it was possible to apply a remedy we saw it, in the following years, starting afresh, and reinvesting itself in verdure, with a joyous renewal of energy."

"The oak lives more upon the soil than upon the light. It absorbs too much of the spirit of the earth. This is plainly visible in its wrinkled bark, which imprisons it so closely and soon will hold it captive. Though it has not yet grown old—though it has scarcely exceeded one hundred years, see, already it is furrowed with deep wrinkles! Here by its side springs the beech, all smooth and comely, with flexible movements, bending hither and thither like a free creature. But he, when the wind rages, seems, in his immobility, a stranger to the tempest. Only on high, and at the summit of the tree, you may hear, as it were, the hoarse sound of the swollen waves. It is its dense ligneous foliage, which will scarcely yield, but resists and defies the storm."

"If, like the beech or the elm, it could respire all its life through its first delicate bark; or if, like the birch and the plane, it moulted every year, and changed its skin, it would be ever in harmony with the air and the light. But its sap, loaded with crystals and strong substances, does not circulate unobstructed. It deposits a part on its way, incrusts its own channel, and daily renders its course much slower. Every spring it must renew its bark; and the old, being unwilling to slip off, and clinging with powerful fibres to the trunk, will gradually be, as it were, encephalised."

"This deeply-furrowed bark is not one of the least beauties of the oak; yet, under the compression put upon it, it runs a great risk of being suffocated. It must bethink itself how it may still breathe. Inside, certain large vessels are opened which, from the leaf to the root, circulate the air and the vivifying action of the light. Yet this grand solitary is not the less apart from the world. He holds with it no other communication than through his foliage. And the latter, ligneous and varnished, apparently respires but little. How, then, shall he live, when he has raised his head on high, and struck his roots so low? His two poles are so far apart from one another. He must, in truth, possess a soul, and this soul it must be which draws him from his captivity. He is slow, but he is winged. She travels swiftly, is never stationary, does not blend herself with aught, but everywhere and always is distinguishable in its own pure essence (*azote*). In spring it travels with the sap and from root to bud, stimulating the young life to leap from the profound sleep of winter. Without her would this oak awaken? We see that he scarcely hears her summons. Round about him all other life has sprung up

new, and while *Le* is sleeping the woods are green. But when once he has felt her impulse he delays no longer, and, though slower than his neighbours, in autumn he will work."

"Others, too, around him have flowered and fruited. But this boon is not one which he can enjoy every year. An oak is made to be austere. It does not suit him to have any feeble offshoots. He wills that they should be strong, and, if he have the power, scatters a sea of acorns around him. A noble ambition; for fruit, a forest! This being his object, he must for a long time accumulate and practise self-denial. If both earth and sky prove favourable, he may, once in three years, pour forth this grand swarm of oaks. If not he will wait full seven years."

"But when this rare and happy opportunity arrives; when at last he shall smooth his front, and flower; when you shall see the long spikes of a pale green, tinged with gold, floating from his branches; even then he is self-observant still, and continues absorbed in his dream. Close beside him, the prodigals of the wood will give an entire branch to the flower; but not so he. To the work of paternity, he devotes but a moiety of himself."

"Well does he know that life is not easy; and therefore, even in his love, he is reserved, moderate, and austere. In return, he gains strength and that capacity of durability which makes this royalty of the oak. The centuries have woven for his brow a crown. The contemporary of our fathers, he has sheltered them under his shade; like them, he has seen the revolutions pass; but, stronger than them, he has braved the storm. Who, then, may dare to touch this son of Time, to attack him with axe or saw, to topple down the temple whither so many departed souls have carried their dream and their prayer?"

The other volume of Messrs. Nelson's "Art Gift-Book" series, to which we have alluded, is by M. Jules Michelet himself, and is entitled "The Mountain." Here we have all those characteristics that made the author's previous works of a like kind, "The Bird," &c., so attractive—keen appreciation of nature's beauties and bounties; delicate sentiment; poetic feeling; accurate yet not wearisome description; and an elevated, elegant, and polished style. The book, in fact, is a grand poem in prose, the high keynote of which is fully sustained from beginning to end. M. Michelet deals with grand objects, and he deals with them grandly. "The Mountain," by Jules Michelet—is not the theme worthy the author, and the author it? To translate Michelet as he ought to be translated is no easy task, and one to which few of those who devote themselves to that species of literary labour would be equal. Merely to "English"—as the old phrase was—Michelet's productions would be to spoil them. Fortunately, it is, then, for author as well as reader that the translator of "The Bird," "The Mountain," and "Nature"—yes, and of many other capital books besides—is not only thoroughly master of both languages, the French and the English, but capable of rising to the elevated pitch of his authors' minds, and of entering fully into the spirit that inspired the originals he deals with. The result need not be further dwelt upon as regards the work immediately before us: it is simply this, that we have M. Michelet in a becoming English dress, and higher commendation no translator could desire. M. Michelet has been equally fortunate, and the publishers more than ordinarily judicious, in the selection of an illustrator of the author's fine descriptions. This duty has been intrusted to Mr. Percival Skelton, and thoroughly has he justified the choice. His designs, fifty-four in number, are all excellent, and portray mountain scenery all the world round, but especially (as was natural) in the Alps. May we suggest, however, that even beauty's self is apt to pall upon the taste if too oft displayed? There is one very charming scene called "At the Foot of the Mountain—under the Dent du Midi, Bex" (page 209), which is again repeated on page 217—a circumstance for which even its beauty can hardly account.

A book of a widely different character, but equally handsomely got up, and especially appropriate to the present season, is "Christmas Carols, New and Old" (Novello, Ewer, and Co., London). The title sufficiently indicates the nature of the work, which has three distinctive features—words, music, and pictures. The words have been edited by the Rev. Henry Ramsden Bramley, M.A.; the music by John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.; and the pictures, from designs by various artists, have been engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. It is proper to mention that the "various artists" whose designs embellish this work include Arthur Hughes, T. Dalziel, W. J. Wiegand, F. A. Fraser, Francis Walker, P. Hundley, John Leighton, J. B. Zwecker, and J. Mahoney. Without that information our description of the book would be incomplete; and we have only to add that the united labours of editors, artists, engravers, and we may also say printers and binders, have resulted in the production of a volume which for interest and elegance has rarely been equalled, and still more rarely excelled. The carol and engraving which we reproduce will, we think, bear us out in this assertion so far as literature and art are concerned; and could we give the music too (which we regret we cannot), Dr. Stainer's merit would show conspicuously also. The carol, we believe, is not so familiar as most others in the book; and for that reason we quote it. It is entitled

THE GOOD KING WENCESLAS.

Good King Wenceslas look'd out,
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st at it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where, and what his dwelling?"

"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither me:
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."

"Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod,
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

"The Literary Bouquet, Gathered from Favourite Authors, Illustrated with Numerous Drawings on Wood by Eminent Artists" (W. P. Nimmo, Edinburgh), is so far a book kindred in character to the "Carols" in that it is a well-made selection, that it is capably illustrated, and elegantly printed and bound; but it differs in this, that the selection embraces a wider range of subject, and is therefore much more miscellaneous and (in one sense)



WOODLAND SCENERY: THE OAK.

(FROM MADAME MICHELET'S "NATURE.")—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

less spiritual and special. We cannot give the names of the artists who have lent their aid in embellishing the "Literary Bouquet," for we are not told who they are, though we can guess; but their work proves both their skill and their eminence, and we can confidently say that they have each and all contributed to the production of a handsome volume.

Another work which comes to us from Edinburgh (which, by-the-way, seems determined to maintain its old claim to eminence in literature and art) has a sacred significance for Christians (particularly Protestants) at all seasons, but more especially at the anniversary of Christianity's origin. It is entitled "A Cloud of Witnesses for the Royal Prerogatives of Jesus Christ: being the last Speeches and Testimonies of those who have suffered for the Truth in Scotland since the year 1680. Reprinted from the Original Editions, with Explanatory and Historical Notes by the Rev. John H. Thomson." (Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.) This is a reprint of an old book originally published in 1714, and is a companion volume, and in one sense a continuation, of another—

"The Scots Worthies"—issued by the same firm last year. The one deals with the heroes of the first, the other with those of the second, Reformation of Scotland. The "Scots Worthies" recorded, chiefly, the lives of those "men of iron mould" who lifted up their testimony against Popery; while the "Cloud of Witnesses" has to do with those who made a stand against "Black Prelacy," and sacrificed their lives rather than submit to the dictation of Laud and the dragooning of Clavers and Dalziel. The illustrations, which are numerous, include many scenes in old Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c., which have either ceased to exist or are very much changed. The connection of the engravings with the text where they are placed is not always apparent; indeed, there is sometimes little connection at all, which happens to be the case with the illustration we have reproduced, which is placed opposite the memoir of the Rev. Donald Cargill, minister of the Barony parish, Glasgow, whose only association with old Greyfriar, so far as we can make out, consisted in this—that he was executed in Edinburgh, and that after execution his head was fixed on the Netherbow Port in that city. His remains may have been interred in Old Greyfriars; but that is not stated in the memoir given of him here. We have not been in Edinburgh for a long time, our memory is somewhat rusted as to localities there, and we have no book at hand to which we can refer; but we fancy Greyfriars Church was taken down some years ago to make way for the railway running through the valley that divides the old from the new portion of the Scottish capital; and has since been re-erected elsewhere. The churchyard, we presume, still remains in the state shown in the Engraving.

Among books of beauty three unpretentious little volumes before us take rank as of right: first, because of the objects they treat of; and, secondly, because of the skill and care with which they have been treated. These volumes are:—1, "Beautiful Birds in Far-Off Lands, their Haunts and Homes," by Mary and Elizabeth Kirby (T. Nelson and Sons); 2, "Curiosities of Entomology" (London: Groombridge and Sons); 3, "Marvels of Pond Life," by Henry J. Slack, F.G.S. (Groombridge and Sons.) These books are profusely illustrated, the first named entirely by engravings coloured after nature, admirably printed on enamelled paper, the two others by both coloured and plain engravings; and very profuse and rich in colour has Nature shown herself in bedecking the creatures here delineated. The beautiful birds portrayed by Mary and Elizabeth Kirby are especially gorgeous in their plumage, and loving in-

deed have been the pains taken to show them in their radiant habits. The same may be said of many of the specimens delineated in the "Curiosities of Entomology," which have this advantage, that one has not to go to "far-off lands" to find the originals, but may study them in the fields and in the high-ways and by-ways of our own country. Mr. Slack's "Marvels of Pond Life" gives the results of a year's microscopic recreations among polyps, infusoria, ratifers, water-bears, and polyzoa. Of these creatures it may, perhaps, be said that they are studied most agreeably in books, seeing that personal introduction to some of them, for which we are occasionally indebted to the water companies, is anything but pleasant; and Mr. Slack has done us (and them too, probably, though they may not be sensible of it) a kindness in showing that many of his favourites are less repulsive in aspect than most people fancy them. These three books may all be regarded as aids in the study of nature's products, and certainly said products could not well be studied by the help of more attractive accessories. With the young especially the books will be great favourites.

Another volume, gorgeously coloured, but *not* after nature, is "The Royal Illuminated Book of Legends" (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo), which includes such long-established favourites as "Cinderella," "The Fair One with the Golden Locks," and "The Sleeping Beauty; or, the Enchanted Palace," the two first told cleverly in verse by Francis Davis, and the third by the Poet Laureate; each being accompanied by appropriate ancient music, arranged by H. Carroll. The legends are also illustrated by pictures magnificently coloured, and in a certain quaint, fantastic style of drawing which has recently become fashionable; the designer being Mr. Marcus Ward, against whom a charge of image-making can scarcely be brought, seeing that his figures bear little resemblance to anything either in the heavens above, on the earth beneath, or in the waters under it. They are his own sole creation (unless, indeed, Assyrian paintings of old times and Nuremberg toys of these days have supplied



OLD GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD, EDINBURGH.

(FROM "A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.")

hints), and are as nearly impossible in fact as they are fantastically grotesque of aspect—which, we suppose, were the objects at which the designer aimed; and, if so, he certainly has succeeded to a wonderful degree. Masses of gold, blue, green, yellow, crimson, &c., skilfully laid on, have contributed in no small degree to produce the effects desired; and the result is a very "admirable piece of fooling," with which juveniles will be delighted, and at which even the aged cannot choose but smile.

Our notice of books of beauty would be incomplete without a word about a work which treats of a subject that most nearly concerns Beauty and her adornment. We mean "The Book of Perfumes," by Mr. Eugene Rimmel, a new French edition of which, with a preface by M. Alphonse Karr, has just been issued. Here we have the "toilet requisites"—and, may we add, the toilet tricks—that have been in vogue from the earliest times to the present day described and illustrated in a most agreeable fashion, by a man who is a thorough master of his subject, as well as intimately conversant with every branch of the great art of personal adornment. The ladies ought to be profoundly grateful to Mr. Rimmel, because, though he sometimes exposes their little foibles, he gives them invaluable hints as to how to ornament their persons—or rather, let us say, enhance their natural charms—so that the presence of adventitious aids shall not be so much as suspected.

CHRISTMAS ANNUALS.

Annuals still hold a prominent place in Christmas literature, though they have greatly changed their character since the days of the Countess of Blessington, Count D'Orsay, and Mr. Theodore Hook, those great oracles of the "books of beauty" which were wont

to delight the maids and matrons of something more than a generation ago. Then the rage was all for fancy and prettiness, *now* utility is mainly aimed at, amusement and what thereto conduces being simply thrown in to make the solid usefulness more agreeable. And we confess the change likes us well, for it displays something of a purpose, and keeps to it. Our table is at this moment loaded with annuals. There is, for example, "Peter Parley's Annual" (London: Ben. George), an old and esteemed favourite, the editor of which has this year outdone previous efforts in producing a book thoroughly worthy of acceptance with his large *clientelle*, and that is saying a great deal. Then there is "Routledge's Annual" (Routledge and Sons), as full as ever of matter and pictures, useful and amusing. "Old Merry's Annual," though emanating from a firm (Hodder and Stoughton) usually distinguished for the "serious" tone of their publications, has nothing of the austere about it, but is at once genial and wise, cheerful and instructive, as it has ever been. Of "The Children's Hour Annual" (Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter) much the same may be said, for, though coming from the stern north (stern in religion as well as in climate) it has little of the hardness that is apt to make Scottish "serious" literature more than ordinarily indigestible, but, on the contrary, is calculated to attract the juvenile mind to religious reading, which is just what such a book should be. Of other annuals, such as Beeton's, King's ("Pleasure," it is called), and others, we can only say that each and all are capital in their several ways, and will well repay their cost in the fund of excellent reading they furnish.



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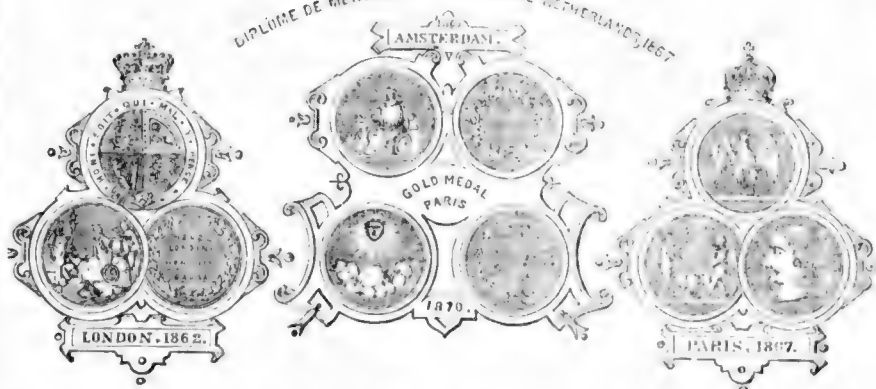
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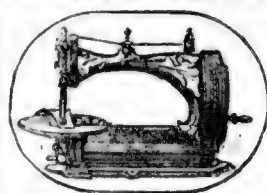
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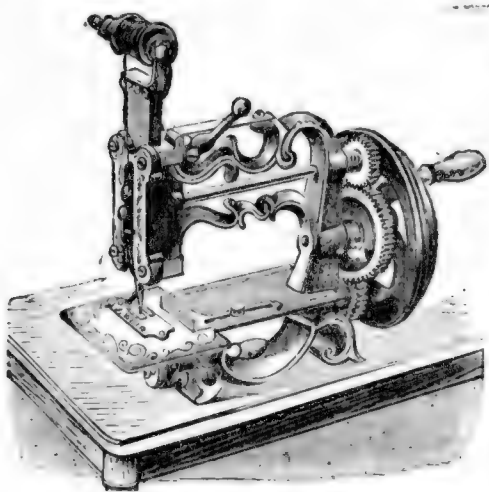
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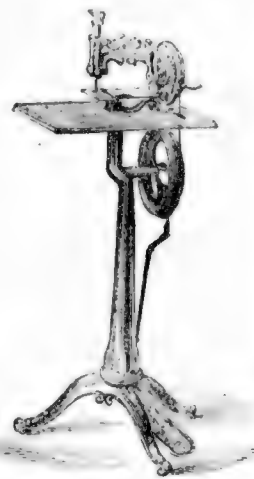
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1871.



"A MERRY CHRISTMAS!"—(DRAWN BY D. H. FRISTON, FROM A SKETCH BY A. SLADER.)

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

It is something to be thankful for that young people at least continue to support the dignity of Christmas as a season of innocent mirth and jollity. It would have been well for those among us who have lost this freshness of feeling with regard to the jovial holiday if they had not grown so much wiser as they grew older; for it is a worldly wisdom, after all—a narrow, dull, depressing, short-sighted, penny wisdom, that is the worst of all pound foolishness—as that grudges itself the small joys that lie so close to great blessedness as to be almost, if not quite, inseparable from it. Perhaps there is no man so cynical or so brutally unthankful as to be unmoved by that bright apparition which seems most fittingly to rise on the grey dawn of the Christmas Day—a face full of fresh innocent girlish mirth and loving trust peeping round the half-opened door to give its cheery greeting in the overflow of a warm young heart. Such a "merry Christmas" is the key-note that should attune the whole holiday to harmony. The genial chirp of the robin is not half so suggestive; the full flow of love and friendship and the recollections of auld lang syne that are to follow are but the full orchestral music to that sweet, simple solo of "a merry Christmas" sung round the cranny of the door in the fresh morning. There is hope in it as well as gratitude, duty as well as love. Happy is the man or woman who, having a touch of snow in the hair and wrinkles about the eyes, where the fleeting years have left their calendar (as birds that come to drink the brightness from a pool leave the marks of their feet upon its brink), can yet feel a warm fresh youthful stir and heartglow at the welcome sound, and, for one day at least, let the weary round of worldly troubles go hang, and welcome Christmas as the season when we find our chief blessedness in being children—children in heart and faith and loving trust, and the casting away of care; children of whom are the kingdom of heaven, because they have the true child likeness of Him who lay in the manger—the Divine babe, to whom the wise men offered their best homage, and who inspired the noblest song of angels, "on earth peace and goodwill towards men."

THE LAST ENGLISH CHRISTMAS.

I.

It was a cold and dreary winter night. A postman passed down the street, rapping every now and then at a door when he had a letter to deliver at the house. But in the intervals of his monotonous labour he was heard to indulge in song.

The song was one that was very popular at the epoch of which we now write, and its burden was "Write me a letter from home!" So the poor postman passed up and down the chill streets, making them echo with the mournful cry of "Write me a letter from home!"

II.

This was, to say the least, noticeable, and a reporter for the press who happened to be passing at the time found it so. Accordingly he noticed it, and communicated it in "flimsy" to a variety of journals. An enlightened Press immediately, and also eagerly, took up the theme and enlarged upon it. It was not only noticeable, it was monstrously anomalous, that men whose whole lives were devoted to the fetching and carrying of letters for their more fortunate fellow-creatures should themselves be in the position of having to pine for "a letter from home." The Publicans, the Republicans, and, in fact, all varieties of Public, took up the subject. Meetings were held and resolutions passed. Deputations were organised. Sensation paragraphs appeared in all the papers. Think of the postman having to cry out for a letter from home! Several women wept; and the excitement reached its climax when, the postman having gone off to America, it was reported that he had committed suicide. This was, of course, because he had not received "a letter from home."

The popular song was reprinted with a picture of a postman on the front page, and every music-hall *comique* sang it in costume. At this juncture the Postmaster-General felt that something must be done. So Mr. Frank Ives Scudamore wrote to all the papers stating that there was no regulation of the Department which prevented any postman receiving letters from home. This provoked a perfect hailstorm of rejoinders from the Press. Leaders-writers urged that it was not enough that the Post Office, which made a large profit, should leave the men in the ordinary position of British subjects with regard to correspondence; it was bound to do more. It was monstrous that a man should be up to his neck in letters all day long, and yet have to go about the streets, chanting "Write me a letter from home!" The illustration of Tantalus, which had for some time been shut out of all good writing, was revived and exploited *ad hoc*. And the end of it was that Mr. Frank Ives Scudamore had to write again to the Press, stating that every effort would be made by the Department to see that the postmen had letters from home.

All the postmen that year bagged enormous Christmas boxes; and quite right too. I always fee mine, and I hope you do yours.

III.

Some of the laws which were passed at about this point in the history of our Island were very striking, and they certainly did not speak quite so strongly of the power of the Press as of the power of the State. Still, they all pointed to the same result—namely, that everything should be taken in hand and provided for by Act of Parliament. From time immemorial it had been a proverb among the English people that Parliament could do everything but turn a man into a woman, or time past into time present. And we know that whatever Parliament did was done by Parliament in its wisdom. Nobody ever heard of the contrary. So there was a law passed that no marine-store shopkeeper, or person of that class, should buy old metal in smaller quantity than fifty-six pounds weight. This was said to be in order to prevent certain kinds of theft, and of course the wisdom of Parliament carried the day. Some obstinate people said that this was a return to Protection, and as stupid as any of the old sumptuary laws of the Henrys and Edwards of our history. There were complaints from various classes of the people that the law caused them great inconvenience, and the people all said they would rather take their chance of the thefts than that they should be prevented from selling their own property as they pleased. Mrs. Smith had on her premises a worn-out poker, an old coal-scuttle, some fragments of fender, the iron of a broken perambulator, and a useless saucepan. These, sold as old iron, would, she said, have brought in about five shillings, and the servant had always had the old iron for a perquisite. Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Robinson were in similar positions; and there were thousands of people to whom the hardship of the law was still more severe, to say nothing of the sense of being trampled on by law. But these foolish and ignorant persons were soon silenced. The wisdom of Parliament was enough, and the right of the State to see after everything was not to be questioned. The newspapers, which were about this time getting into a fair way to push all other authorities out of sight, and which, in fact, only tolerated even the wisdom of Parliament out of hypocrisy, took the high-handed view of the subject, and all the physical philosophers followed suit.

IV.

Yet this was as nothing to what followed. It was only the grain of mustard-seed that forebode the tree in whose branches the fowls of heaven should abide. The power of the Press and the power of public opinion went on growing, and growing, and growing till every minority was squelched. All the children were brought up in immense national schools, under schoolmasters as like each other as egg to egg, and taught only from books published under the authority of a Minister and Council of Education. They, too (the children, I mean), were so much like each other that it was quite melancholy to look at them. As for the Press, the only thing that seemed likely to threaten its power was that there were never any romantic events to chronicle, and that the minorities, whose pro-

tests used once to quicken its blood, were now shut up under hatches in little hells upon earth. What would come next was the question—at least it would have been, if questions had been permitted in those days—but nobody was allowed to ask questions, as it was considered dangerous to the State for people to differ.

V.

Of course, all this had not been brought about at once. There had been an intermediate space of immense improvement, but still a long way off from the Perfection that was afterwards arrived at. Nevertheless, the coming triumphs were clearly fore-shown. Everybody wrote phonography, wore his hair long, said the good time was coming, and drank temperance champagne. This was in the transitional period, you know. Very soon all the people dined in common halls. Property was equally distributed. It began to be discussed whether exceptional beauty of person or remarkable talent of any kind ought to be allowed; whether, in fact, everything of the sort was not in the nature of an injury to Society. Some few of the idealists and progress men objected to this view at first, so that it took a little time to prevail; but at last it was decided that it was the only view consistent with equality and the greatest happiness of the greatest number; and social science had now arrived at such a pitch that laws were passed providing for the production of given average standards of beauty and mental capacity.

At first the competitive principle had been very much in favour, but it soon ran itself into all kinds of difficulties totally inconsistent with the rights of the State, and the power of the Press, and the wisdom of Parliament; so it had to be abandoned, or only employed in the interests of the various kinds of Protection which had now entirely supplanted the policy of the middle of the reign of Queen Victoria. There were, indeed, competitive examinations in virtue, but these were soon discontinued; and it all finished up with a universal virtuous standard established by law, and enforced by a sort of excise system, with proper officers, who were billeted on people in order to inspect their lives as closely as possible at all hours of the day and night. The religious and moral classes of the community had all along done their best to promote the policy which ended in this, and by degrees they ceased to complain of any such thing as what used to be called persecution. They had gone on putting such a variety of meanings into the word religion that at last they forgot what it really meant.

Everybody was numbered, like a solitary prisoner in one of Bentham's pentagons. He was also registered, so that he could be "turned to" at any moment. The numbering, which was soon followed by labelling, was found absolutely necessary in order to prevent mistakes in this millennium of averages.

But there were some things which were truly delightful. Fourier's idea of the sea had long ago been realised, and so much of it as had been allowed to remain was now a lake of lemonade. No thunder or lightning was tolerated, nor any sudden change of weather, nor too much rain or too little, nor any accident of any kind, under any circumstances, in any place, to or in connection with any person whatsoever. Science had settled all about the weather and the lightning, and the sort of thing that in our days used to happen. Nothing was now ever allowed to happen.

Nor was this all. Labour was done by a new force exerted by the spirits. If a man wished to remove his furniture, he consulted the proper Government office and had his spirit told off to him, and the desired "force" came. A strict supervision was exercised by the State over the moral character of the spirits thus employed. Neither Shakespeare, nor Milton, nor Plato, nor the patriarch Abraham, nor King David, would have been allowed to remove any man's furniture, or perform any of the menial offices for which the spirits were in those days called up; for these had all done or written things which were improper. But the State officer would appoint you the spirit of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, or Professor F. W. Newman, or Dr. Dalrymple, or the Rev. Dawson Burns, or the Rev. Jabez Inwards.

VI.

In fact, improvement had been carried to its utmost pitch. Not only had all traffic in intoxicating liquors long been suppressed—nobody was allowed, under any circumstances, to make them. Only to refer to them was an impropriety. It was considered indecent in society to refer to wine or beer, as indecent as it is with ourselves to use such bad words as "leg" or "bosom." A sort of Lord Campbell's Act had been passed, in virtue of which any person exhibiting any object in any place, at any time, which was calculated to remind the spectators that there had once been such things as Champagne, Alleopp, Chablis, or the like, was punishable with hard labour in prison. The Society for the Suppression of Vice occupied itself in hunting up offenders under the provisions of this Act—for, of course, vice in our sense of the word had long ago ceased to exist, having been abolished by the school boards in England, just as compulsory education has, in our time, made an end of it in New York and Berlin;—which are greatly superior to London in morality, freedom, and religion.

What anyone might eat and drink was regulated by Act of Parliament, both as to quantity and quality; and every human being was under regular medical inspection, which took place at fixed times. All this, and much more, was paid for out of the rates, there being in those days no such thing as "an ignorant impatience of taxation."

Not only was any reference to ballet or waltz punished with cropping of ears, the theatres were all decensored. Nobody took any interest in dramatic situations, for tragedy and comedy had alike disappeared from human life. Within human memory nobody had dared to think of such a thing as writing a novel. Not a book was published that had not first been inspected and expurgated. No poetry was printed, for there were no poets—at least, if there were, they hid themselves and their music in the bells upon earth of which we have spoken. Shakespeare, Milton, Homer, Dante, and others of the same kidney were still to be found in the libraries; but they were kept under lock and key, even though they had been expurgated. All passages referring to love, wine, and such like improprieties and things of the past had been long ago erased by Act of Parliament. The Bible, as we now see it, was as rare as a "breeches" Bible is now.

VII.

Talking of the Bible reminds me. It is obvious that under such a state of affairs as this several most important things were in danger. One of these was the relativity of human knowledge. The very philosophers who had had the largest share in bringing about the present, I mean the future, condition of affairs (*are my tenses right?*) had all along proclaimed that human knowledge was relative; that is to say, that you could not conceive or know light without darkness, or empty space without extension, or good without evil. Several consequences were drawn from this, including the total abolition of theology and metaphysics, and the right of majorities to do whatever they pleased with minorities. But this was not half. The end had not been foreseen, and yet it was inevitable. The nearer things were brought to perfection in a moral point of view, the less room there was for any relativity in human knowledge. Of course, people could in some degree recollect things that were not perfect; but, as is well known, faculties die out by disuse of function, and the time came when even the recollection was threatened. One solitary adherent of another school of thought had the temerity to raise his voice in warning, and point out that, as the relativity of knowledge must depend on differentiation in the things to be known, it was plain that when the differentiation had ceased the knowledge could no longer be relative. This philosopher was immediately disposed of—how, I cannot say, but in some manner peculiar to the time; and things went on rapidly towards perfection, in spite of his warning.

But it is a curious fact that while these things were going on down below there was a most extraordinary change in progress up in the clouds, in the neighbourhood of Olympus. Incredible as it may appear, all the old gods and goddesses came to life again,

and reappeared in their usual places. Long, very long before the precise epoch of which I am now writing, all the statues of Juno, Venus, and the rest had been turned out, neck and crop. Not Diana herself was spared, for she wore a short tunic; nor was any buskined god or goddess; nor even Minerva, for she at least disclosed her toes. Doubtless they were all, without exception, so attired that the outline of the figure was visible through the dress. So, as I have stated, they had all been put down. It was said at the time that, to the great horror of one of the Officers of Public Morals, who was offering violence to a Hercules, the god swore at him and threatened to punch his head. It was also stated that a Venus which had been, as an experiment, carefully dressed in the exact costume of Mrs. Trimmer (or Hannah More, I forget which), was found in the morning to have kicked off her incumbrances. I do not venture for these facts, but they are not without an appearance of plausibility. At all events, nothing could be done with these divinities. They would not submit to the restraints of a high and beautiful civilisation, and so the Press took up the matter, and they were put down. It was probably in consequence of the resentment they naturally felt at this treatment that they made up their minds to go back to Olympus and try it on, as they used to do. At all events they did so, and the most surprising consequences followed. Only there was nobody to be surprised when the crash came.

VIII.

The only question was whether it was worth while to exist in such a world at all. In fact, the population had long been stationary, so even that was not much of a question. Several laws had been passed which, as I shall not be permitted to mention them for the next thousand years (except at the Dialectical Society), I propose to omit. The word "kiss" was not to be found in any dictionaries except the rarest, and in them it was marked "obs"—which, as usual, meant obsolete. In deference to public opinion and an enlightened Press, mistletoe had for centuries ceased to appear on oak-trees.

IX.

It was, therefore, all the more remarkable when, one Christmas-tide, in the dusk of the afternoon in our great metropolis, Policeman Q—one of the Detective Moralists in plain clothes who were in those days employed to watch the streets and scrutinise the expression of people's faces—saw a youth take a sprig of something out of his pocket, and, holding it over the head of a girl who was with him, kiss her in a shady corner. Policeman Q immediately seized the couple and impounded the mistletoe, for such it was (though where it came from, unless from the Groves of Dodona, gracious knows!). He walked the lad and lass off to the station-house, and the inspector put them in the lock-up for the night. The sprig was, after much research among antiquaries, pronounced to be mistletoe; and men of science, after hearing Detective Q's account of the matter, were decidedly of opinion that what he had seen pass between the two prisoners was a real kiss.

Both prisoners were searched before being shut in for the night, and the searchers concurred in stating that a peculiar perfume, like nothing they had ever known, clung to the garments of the lad and lass, and that it really seemed as if their persons were luminous.

This would have been considered wonderful, if the sentiment of wonder had not long ago been extinct. People were too well regulated to feel wonder. Nobody died, married, or was born except with the sanction and under the conditions imposed at the Registrar-General's; and, in fact, life was "perfect."

X.

If in all the island there had been a poet, he would at once have known the odour which puzzled the searchers, and we shall soon see what it was. The lad and lass were brought up before the magistrate—who in those days was of course a teetotaler, a vegetarian, and all that—and they were committed for trial. When the trial came on the evidence of Detective Q was clear and decisive; he swore that he had seen them look lovingly at each other, and that this was followed by a kiss, taken by the youth while he held a sprig of berries (sensation) over the head of the girl. Cross-examination utterly failed to shake his testimony as to the improper character of the look given by the male defendant to the co-respondent—I mean co-defendant. For the State employed no Detective Moralists who could not be depended upon in such matters, and public opinion and the Press had long ago settled that the State could do no wrong. Scientific experts of several centuries old (for men now lived to a very advanced but abject old age) swore that the sprig in question was mistletoe (renewed sensation), and described the act of kissing, as they had once or twice in their youth (for it was even then falling into desuetude) seen it performed. A dummy female figure had been constructed for this purpose, and when the experts explained the matter to the jury and showed them how it was done, describing—of course in guarded and scientific terms—the emotions which once used to accompany it, the excitement among the spectators was extreme. Only one or two of the next day's newspapers had the temerity to publish this portion of the evidence, and these were severely censured for immorality by the other journals. The defendants were found guilty and sentenced to solitary confinement for life. Then the warders proceeded to remove them, but—

XI.

The fact is, the curious perfume of which we have before spoken began all of a sudden to spread through the court-house, and a luminous ring gathered around the two defendants. Their bodies ascended into the air, beautiful as Heaven; their mortal garments fell from them, and they floated, luminous, divine, serene, unclad, as became Immortals. Here the spectators, including the Judge and jury, turned their faces to the wall. The female defendant leaned on the arm of her fellow-criminal; her lips touched his; a butterfly hovered over her golden head; and they rose up to Heaven, leaving the place laden with a perfume which anybody but an over-civilised fool such as every man of them was would have known for ambrosia. Yes, it was Psyche and the very Love. The impatient gods had made this little experiment for a lark.

That was the last English Christmas. The next morning the island was felt to shake all over. It was laughing at the inhabitants; and on the last day of the year it disappeared. The newspapers would have said it was swallowed up by an earthquake, if they had been published next day. But the truth is, England had been improved off the face of the earth.

W. B. R.

NEXT DOOR TO A MYSTERY.

My name being Jabez Slapperdogeon, I think it is scarcely necessary to say that I ought to be a Professor. That is what I very nearly am. I should be quite, only I haven't exactly made up my mind what to be Professor of. I've got as far as Ph. D., and I consider the outlay hasn't yet made a proper return. That degree cost me altogether sixteen pound two. There was eleven pound eight and threepence halfpenny to the German University in the shape of fees for granting a diploma; one pound eleven and sixpence for the gentleman—he was a classical master at a school not far off—who acted as my amanuensis in drawing up my Latin thesis, in return for which I obtained recognition of my position in the world of philosophy; and the balance went in stimulus to the said amanuensis, in postage, and in fees to the academical agent whose advertisement had first attracted my attention to my own merits.

The reason why I don't consider that this investment has been remunerative is that I haven't yet seen my way to assert my academical rank. I want to come out in my true colours all at once: Jabez Slapperdogeon, Ph. D., Professor of—. For want of being able to fill up that blank my Doctorship of Philosophy is at present so much dead stock; and I don't print it after my

name, even in the list of the Didactical Society, of which, of course, I am a distinguished member, and one of the now celebrated investigating committee.

The world knows that, after having exhausted our inquiries into the phenomena of the universe, we have been called upon by the unanimous voice of that universe itself, to direct our professional attention to the scientific aspect of spiritualistic manifestations. And to sit at rest for ever the disputes that have disfigured the spiritual world in relation to the homogeneous consistency of psychological paraphernalia as illustrated on the one hand, and the functional dynamic intangibilities of ethereal phenomena in their latest development by means of an odyssey of the functional relativity of infinitesimal prepositions, and an incorporeal relativity of infinitesimal prepositions, impressed on the inorganic structure of a mahogany cabinet.

It is difficult to translate the language of exalted scientific terms so common as to be understood by the uninitiated, and I will not make the attempt. This has, in fact, little to do with the external, although marvellous and extraordinary, phenomena to which I have recently been subject since falling a victim to what I cannot but believe, to the resentment of those perverse spirits which sometimes actuate spiritual manifestations, and which minor development cause heavy objects to come violently down on the shoulders or even against the skulls of those who are waiting in darkness for some more gentle proof of the power of the medium whose skill they have been called upon to trust. I have so frequently observed that the spiritual amenities are displayed towards persons suspected of that kind of doubt which leads them to question the validity of the demonstration, that I am now enabled to conjecture how it is that I have myself become the subject, I will not say the victim, of a combination of manifestations such as I think no other inquirer has experienced. It is little to be wondered at that the individual who always responds when Shakespeare is asked for, or the equally distinguished representative of Burns—both of whom, by a singular coincidence not at all uncommon in these phenomena, spell exactly in the same way, and for some deep reason indite the word London as "Lundun," and represent Russia by the letters R o o s h e r—should single me out for a special example. Doubtless many others may have been concerned in the proceedings; but I regard Shakespeare and Burns as especially responsible, because there was both a strong dramatic and a peculiarly ludicrous element in the manifestation, which I interpret as a result of the differential radiation of the exfluxional characteristics of both. "Here is Jabez Slapperdogoon," they may have said to each other: "it will never do to allow him to join the ranks of those who oppose us; still less will it be desirable to have him constantly wavering in that state which will keep the Didactical Society's Investigation Committee from pronouncing in our favour. Then let us give him such a dose as will make sure of him at once."

I thought it would come to this. I actually had what the vulgar call a presentiment, but which I should rather describe as a consensuous co-operation of exoteric and esoteric auxiliaries, to that this would be the end of it. "If the spirits are determined to have me on their side, let me at least approach the subject with some degree of preparation," I said to myself as I plunged once more into a mass of papers and memoranda relating to the experiences of a lady who principally spends her leisure in being deposited by spiritualistic agency, and in her nightgown, in all kinds of unexpected places.

"Let me," I said (and in order to sustain my over-taxed powers I mixed myself a second small tumbler of whisky, a sample of which had been sent to me for analysis from the eminent grocer in the next street), "Let me"—and there I stopped and listened, spoon in hand, for I was about to add to my beverage a spoonful of glucose sugar, which the same enterprising grocer is anxious to have described as "Virgin honey, as tested by that well-known analyst, Jabez Slapperdogoon, Ph.D." "Let me"—I was interrupted both in speaking and stirring by one of the most extraordinary and marrow-freezing sounds that ever emanated from an empty house.

When I speak of the next-door house as "empty," I mean only as regards living inhabitants. Of furniture I have reason to know that it was chock full—furniture bought at sales, and brought home at all hours of the day to the disturbance of the neighbourhood and the confusion of philosophic thought. The end of this was that when the place was so full of secondhand goods that it was like a broker's shop, Miss Puttywax was caught by an advertisement that a most eligible furnished lodging-house was to be let in a desirable neighbourhood, where a comfortable living might be made with remarkable facility. The lodging-house, which had never previously known either lodger or tenant, had been filled from top to bottom by the landlord with the remnants of auction sales, and was taken by Miss Puttywax, a maiden lady with a genteel income, who thus became the landlady of the establishment, 32½, Coromandel-villas, Bobadil-read, near Clapham Junction and omnibuses to the West-End.

This was hard on my own landlady, Mrs. Mangoes, who rented No. 32, which, as a corner house, was the best of the row, and had no other lodger but myself, who had chosen the apartments in Coromandel-villas because they were semi-detached, with an empty house on one side and only a street of unlet houses on the other.

These considerations weighed with me when I sought retirement, for the purpose of conducting experiments in safety from indictment on the part of ignorant and designing neighbours. Judge, then, of my dissatisfaction when I learned that Mrs. or Miss Puttywax had for lodgers two young wholesale warehousewomen on the second floor; a ship's husband in the back parlour; a pianoforte-player to a panorama, who hired a worn-out something from a music warehouse and planted it in the hall; and an odious wretch, who did something at a table, and called himself a "lion comique," occupying the drawing-room, where he slept in a pink chintz alcove, when he wasn't eating, drinking, stamping, or howling, or walking about like a panther in a cage, which I heard he called "study-bed." At about two o'clock in the morning, when I was consuming the paraffin oil of intense contemplation, this incarnate, paradoxical frivolous would rattle up in a brougham, hired by the week from the stables at the top of the road, and announce his presence by a hideous yelping, which he called a "jodel," or a "yodel," or something.

These particulars I learnt afterwards from Miss Puttywax herself, and also some account of her precious nephew—a young man who was, as she said, studying as a medical man, and came on Sunday to dinner, which meant staying to tea and supper. I found him! He thought to frighten me, did he, when I was sitting in profound thought in the back garden, and expressed great surprise, which he mistook for terror, at seeing a human head come bounding along the top of the wall! He was unaware, was he, that long experience in inductive science had led me to discover (the next day, on the testimony of the all-work, who would have had sixpence if she had not laughed in inane laughter) that the surprising effect was due to the employment of a common mask fastened on the head of a

acquaintance with Miss Puttywax did not commence for some time after the occurrence of this and many other disgraceful incidents—such as solos on wind instruments at the open window, and the introduction of a dog, which I soon disposed of by a dose of strychnated liver. Miss Puttywax's first introduction was peculiar, when considered in relation to the inquiries which I was engaged, and I should have thought it remarkable but for my familiarity with the most recent class of spiritual manifestation. It happened just a fortnight ago, and I can only say that Miss P. is not now the worse for it, for she suddenly appeared, quite late in the evening, in her nightgown, and I may say in her nightcap, outside my sitting-room window. To an ordinary person, who is also a lacheler, there would have been something embarrassing in such a visitation. As a man of great

scientific attainments I hope I am above embarrassment and superior to considerations of mere costume.

On my approaching the window she fled, or shall I say disappeared; but at the moment, I was unable to obtain any data from which to form a definite conclusion, since, in attempting to follow her, I received a severe concussion on the head from a hard object which was hurled violently through the window. It was a male boot, much worn, and of the kind once called "half wellingtons" or "clarence," a description long unknown to present fashions, and therefore clearly belonging to another sphere of existence.

Perhaps, for the sake of strictly impartial exactness, I ought to mention that there is a small wooden balcony outside my sitting-room window, traversing the extent of the space which lies between No. 32 and No. 32½, and terminating at the window of the first-floor back apartment of the latter dwelling. This circumstance is in itself trivial, as such a mode of transit would not be necessary for a spiritual manifestation, while it is improbable that Miss Puttywax would consent to avail herself of it except under express influence. I made a note of it, however, as a memorandum for my own future guidance when the time should arrive for investigating this astounding phenomenon. This is what I did.

First, I wrote a polite note to Miss P., intimating that I was well acquainted with the cause of her singular visit, and that I was no stranger to the extraordinary results of the influence of spirits on an organism so susceptible as her own.

Secondly, I applied tincture of arnica to the bruise on my forehead.

Thirdly, I began to construct a theory; the first conclusion of which was that there was a sympathetic relation between the amiable landlady of 32½ and myself.

An answer from Miss Puttywax arrived the next afternoon. It was as I expected. She repudiated all knowledge of my meaning; resented with indignation my allusion to her having been under the influence of spirits, and declared that she was at the time mentioned visiting a friend at Putney, and had just retired to rest, as she could prove if she did not hold my insinuations in the utmost contempt. Poor lady! she had not, then, been aware of the phenomenon of which she was the instrument. Her absence from home was, of course, a fresh proof of the fact I sought to establish. She was probably in an entirely comatose condition; but yet her emphatic denial may have been only an effort to fight against that almost involuntary attraction which I was destined to exercise. I went on with my theory, made some inquiries about Miss Puttywax, and learned that she is the niece of an eminent advertising Italian warehouseman, who would probably pay handsomely for laudatory testimonials from a scientific analyst. Miss P. and Professor Slapperdogoon are already, as it were, united by what I regard as the retrogressive approximation of diverse affinities. I settled my plan of investigation.

First, I laid in a small stock of preserved meats, biscuits, soluble cocoa, Scotch whisky, Irish ditto, marmalade, and Liebig's extract. Secondly, I filled a carpet bag with coals and firewood. Thirdly, I made more inquiries to confirm a rumour that everybody inhabiting No. 32½ were going to spend the Christmas holidays with their friends: the "lion comique" and the pianist having taken a joint engagement in the country; the two warehousewomen being invited to their uncle's at Sudbury; the ground floor having already gone on one of Mr. Cook's winter excursions to Jericho; the maid of all work being about to marry a muffin-baker at Pimlico; and Miss Puttywax herself having consented to accompany her scamp of a nephew to Little Yarmouth, where he had bought a dentist's practice "dirt cheap," on the condition that he should take possession at once. I have reason to suppose that it was from him that these particulars were obtained by my own landlady, who also informed me that Miss Puttywax had that evening gone away in a cab, and that she had been overheard to give strict directions as to the locking up of the piano and the drawing of the cat.

"And, if not inconvenient, I thought of going to see some of my own family at Isleworth," said Mrs. Mangoes, after she had made known these particulars. "Maria's married sister and her husband are coming to keep house with her, and I can trust them to look after you, Mr. Slapperdogoon, which, if ever a gentleman was one to give little trouble, you are such."

"I also am going away for my holiday—a scientific excursion," I said, emphatically; "and so, with your permission, ma'am, I will lock up my rooms when I leave, and shall give less trouble than ever."

When she left I took care that she should see my carpet-bag, my various packages, and my great-coat and hat-box placed ready as if for a journey.

This was my plan:—To wait till the next-door house is vacated by its tenants; to watch an opportunity when Maria, our servant, is at her dinner, then to ring her up that she may see me equipped with great-coat, railway-rug, bag, hat-box, umbrella; to tell her that I am going away in the middle of the night, and that nobody is to sit up for me; to watch till she and her relatives have gone off to bed; to descend the stairs heavily, to slam the street door violently; to return silently to my room, wherein I fasten myself noiselessly, having previously oiled the lock; then cautiously to convey my coals, my provisions, my reading-lamp, my writing materials into the next house, and there await manifestations.

It was a great enterprise, and many a heart might quail; but science is superior to quails, and is never chicken-hearted. All that I have stated was accomplished, and I was alone in my own room. I sat down, mixed myself another stiff tumbler of the celebrated blend, and thought over the situation.

"Let me," I said, and then came the unearthly sound to which I have already referred: it was like the booming of a gong, followed by the tread of many feet in the empty house; then there came the tinkling of a bell, and all was still.

"So soon?" I said to myself. "Is this, then, the hour? Then here is the man."

I went to a wardrobe that stands in my sitting-room and was astonished to find that it was in disorder. I missed one of my dressing-gowns—an old one, but still in wear; everything was tumbled. Another manifestation,—but there was no time for reflection. Lighting a small lantern which I sometimes use in the garden for observing phenomena after dark, and placing on my head a fur cap with ear-lappets, which I also adopt during explorations in cold weather, I wrapped the ample folds of the garment I then wore well round me, gently opened the window, and, with stealthy tread, passed along the creaking balcony to the window of the next house, which, as though in expectation of my coming, had been unfastened.

All was dark—all was silent. Yet I fancied I heard a strange scuffling, and a sound like the murmur of phantom voices from below. I nerved myself to a tremendous resolution. The house was so exactly similar to the one I had left that there was no difficulty in descending the stairs. I knew that the rooms had folding doors, that I could enter either from the passage, and I determined to pass in suddenly by that which led to the back apartment. As I went down, the feeble rays from my flickering lantern showed me a number of moving forms, and I heard a voice in a thrilling whisper say, "That's him!" and another "Make haste!" Then the door of the front room opened; the forms passed quickly into what appeared to be a kind of twilight. My lantern went out, but I already had my hand upon the knob of the other door. Shutting my eyes for a moment, to gather resolution, I plunged in. I felt that I was at once in a glare of light that seemed to spring up in jets close to my feet, while behind me a great white sheet or veil was stretched, and in front only a number of dim figures could be distinguished, seated, as I thought, in rows; but though impalpable to the touch, as they doubtless were, and scarcely to be seen till they became more developed, my appearance was the signal for a strange chorus of ghostly laughter, not unmingled with mocking cheers, amidst which I distinctly heard cries of "Wonderful!"

"Really now, he is clever;" and I could swear that one voice said "He ought to be a Professor," and "Bravo, Slapperdogoon!"

These were compliments not to be lightly esteemed. I bowed low amidst renewed cheering, when, on rising, if I may so speak, to the surface, what was my consternation to see a figure beside me so much like myself that I was speechless with astonishment. It was like myself, and yet it wasn't really like me; but it had on a dressing-gown of the same pattern, a hat like mine, a lantern, spectacles—everything; and showed in some strange way a mimicry of myself that would, I fear, have roused me to anger if I had not understood its meaning. I am accustomed, as a member of the Didactical Society, to draw rapid conclusions from almost any premises; and with wonderful consecutive reasoning I classed this, which I must call a rather absurd manifestation, with those singular deceptions to which most mediums are subject, but to which they are well accustomed, when some unknown person, in as it were, a lower whorl of the odic corkscrew pretends to be a very distinguished historical personage. There are a Smith and a Jones who are very troublesome spirits indeed in this way; and, while one persists in being Robinson Crusoe, the other constantly cuts in when requests are made for the appearance of Lemuel Gulliver. There is a Snooks, too, who could only be made to confess his real name after a long course of prevarication in the assumed character of the famous Mrs. Veal. With the rapidity of a magnesium light these reflections occurred to me as the strange apparition stood eyeing me. Perhaps six, or say seven, seconds may have elapsed when the figure darted away from me with a sudden concussion which, if it was due to atmospheric influence, was in itself very remarkable; for it was sufficiently violent in a vertical direction to crush some strange object (that I can only compare to a handbox) completely over my head; while, at the same time, its horizontal determination caught my legs from under me and brought me down rather awkwardly. These manifestations were of so unusual, and I may add unfriendly, a character, that I thought it best to lie still; for the lights had vanished, as though they had been, so to speak, instantly turned off, and I could hear nothing but a suppressed scuffling, tittering, and muttering which gradually died away, as though numbers of persons were passing quickly from the room to the lower part of the house.

That was enough for one night. I confess that I hesitated to follow them. I determined to return to my own apartment by the way that I had come, and, though I had to grope my way up the stairs, there was nothing to impede me. I reached my own window. My lamp was still burning. I had even entered my room, and was about to reach the unfinished glass of whisky toddy that stood upon the table, when a gruff voice said, "No yer don't!" and I was held in a powerful grasp, which even in my disordered state I was able, with scientific accuracy, to distinguish as that of a policeman.

"You're a nice young man for a small party, ain't yer?" he inquired. "Here's me and my mate been reg'lar took in through bein' set on to watch the wrong house, which there's all sorts of high jinks a goin' on next door, while all the time it's number 32, is it? And you'd pretty nigh made yer game. But no, says I; there's a light up there at the back a-movin' about, which, if it ain't a lantern a crawlin' along a balkiny, I ain't been in the force for two year and more, and so here goes! And go I did, over the wall, and in through the back-kitchen winder, and catches you on the ground-hop, my covey! So, let's have no nonsense; for my mate's outside ready to spring his rattle."

Here was a dreadful situation! How could I explain to the satisfaction of the officer on what an errand I had been engaged? I was wondering what turn affairs would take when I heard footsteps on the stairs; and in another minute the servant Maria, with her sister and brother-in-law, burst into the room.

"Oh, please, Sir!" cried the hussy, falling on her knees, "I never knew as you was coming back; and we'd only left the house a quarter of an hour with the latch-key; and anybody may search my box twice over!"

"Peace, girl!" I exclaimed, loftily; for science should ever be imperturbable. "Tell this officer who I am, and then bring up some hot water."

The plain, unvarnished tale of the servant and her friends, between whom and the policeman there was evidently a close acquaintance, combined with a bottle of whisky of an inferior blend—for which I had refused a certificate unless on commensurate terms—sufficed to release me from this untoward accident, and I am now able once more to concentrate my attention on the phenomena of No. 32½.

"High jinks!" said the policeman once more, as he indicated the next-door house with his thumb and listened, as a sound of strange laughter was again heard, when we let him out at the street door.

"Yes, all sorts—reglar play-actin'!" returned Maria's brother, winking, and, as I thought at the time, rather hurrying the chain up, after his acquaintance had departed.

"High jinks, indeed!" The faint sounds of that strange scuffling and talking haunted me as I turned into bed, and as I fell asleep I could almost fancy I heard the sounds of some musical instrument.

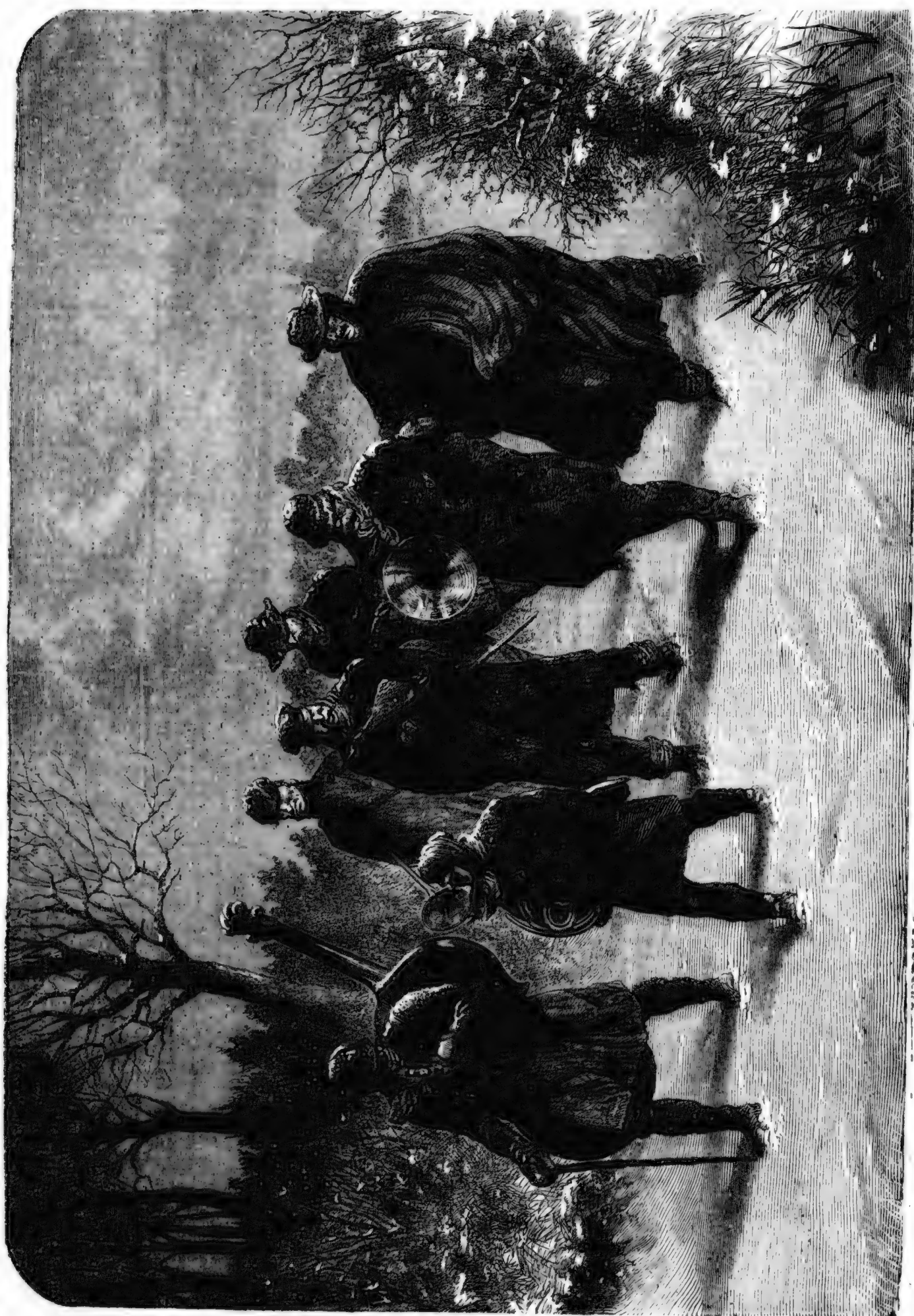
I shall investigate further, even if I spend a week in Miss Puttywax's drawing-room, where I am now, after having drawn up this statement and sent it by Maria's brother (who thinks I went out of town immediately afterwards) to the Didactical Society for publication or not, as the committee may think fit. T. A.

WANDERING MINSTRELS.

WHAT has become of the waits? Not the hideous bands of dumpling-faced German persecutors, who should be made to stand playing their worst national airs, on their most out-of-tune and without-regard-to-any-time-whatever manner, outside the hall where the London School Board discusses the adoption of the much-to-be-desired-in-every-particular and without-the-least-exception method of education observed in that physically-morally-and-intellectually-to-be-perpetually-crucified nation which is under the exalted-enlightened and universally-to-be-revered-and-spoken-admirably-of William. Not these wretched representatives of the grand old Teutonic "wachts," or musical watchmen, from which our word waits is supposed to be derived, but the simple, harmonious bands which once thrummed and tooted at night during the Christmas season, and either lulled us to sweet repose or awoke us from oppressive nightmare by their melodious droning.

Among all the public amusements of our streets, and the many vagabonds who made outdoor life more picturesque, modern colourless legislation might surely have spared the waits; and we could almost go as far as to recommend that in our parochial accounts the "guardians" or the "vestry" should be permitted an item of expenditure for supporting a certain musical guild in their district for the express purpose of discouraging sweet music on state occasions and on the eve of Christmas. The bold borough of Southwark held among its privileges that of maintaining a retinue of watchmen, or waits—that is to say, men-at-arms in the service of the borough, who, being also musicians, were highly esteemed, and did good suit and service at festivals, marriages, and processions. Why should not every borough have something of this kind? say a dozen or so of sturdy special constables, each of whom should be proficient on some instrument. We hear of "police bands" nowadays; but who ever hears them play? Might we suggest that they should give us a taste of their quality during the present season? It would much relieve the tedium of a night on duty, it would delight the wakeful and soothe the slumbering, and it would do no harm in its assurance that anybody needing the assistance of a constable could find one by listening for the sound of the combined minstrelsy of half a dozen active and intelligent officers, who might otherwise be lost to sight in some dark parts of their various beats.

Even in the country it is to be feared that the good old custom



WANDERING MINSTRELS AT CHRISTMASTIDE.



CHRISTMAS MORNING AT A COUNTRY RAILWAY STATION: ARRIVAL OF THE LONDON TRAIN.—(DRAWN BY G. ROBINSON.)

of playing in the dawn of Christmas Day is less observed than it was perhaps thirty years ago; but there are still places where the establishment of a workmen's brass band, or a society of sturdy musical enthusiasts, ensures some jovial minstrelsy at festive seasons. Neither in London nor the suburbs are we now expectant of the soothing strains that once just roused us to the grey gleam of daybreak on the 25th, and of the address which at the same moment thrilled through our dreams:—

Good mornin', ladies an' gentlemen all,
Th' orig'nal waits do on you call,
Wishing a merry Chris'mus here,
An' 'ope you 'll enjy th' enshoonin' year.

Poor fellows! Some allowance was made for their pronunciation on account of the cold, only to have been withstood by the aid of comforting dog's nose or early purl. It's a poor heart that never rejoices, and few of the 'ladies and gentlemen' so pathetically addressed denied the sixpence or the shilling which was punctually called for by the flageolet on Boxing Day. Poor wandering minstrels! They have wandered away altogether now. Who knows? Perhaps they have gone to Germany, and are made much of in Berlin, just as their horrible successors, the Vaterlanders and Wacht-am-Rheinners, are tolerated here.

LION AND I.

A CHRISTMAS EVE EXPERIENCE IN NEW YORK.

THERE is not much, perhaps, in the story I am about to relate; it was a very simple affair; but, from the circumstances under which the incidents occurred and the profound impression they produced upon me at the time, they have always seemed to me intensely ludicrous when I have recalled the figure I cut during their progress, and do so still, a good many years after they happened; so they may, perchance, afford a laugh to my readers also. Besides, as certain phases of Yankee character are illustrated by the adventures of Lion and I, to relate them may be useful as well as amusing.

At the entrance to New York Bay, distant about five miles from the Battery and in close proximity to the southern extremity of Long Island, lies Staten Island—a spot well known to all who have ever visited the city of New York. The channel that separates Long Island and Staten Island is known as "The Narrows," and through this channel all vessels inward bound from the Atlantic must pass to enter New York Bay.

Staten Island has long been, and probably still is, a favourite place of residence with New York merchants, traders, and many professional men, the island being easily and speedily reached by means of the elegant and commodious ferry-boats which ply regularly every hour in the day between New York Battery and the island, conveying passengers at the low charge of five cents, or less than twopenny halfpenny English, or even at a lower rate if the passenger contract for a stated season. No one could reasonably desire a more beautiful spot for a residence than Staten Island, which commands a fine prospect of the city and the spacious land-locked bay, with its magnificent harbourage, and which possesses much charming scenery of its own, and numerous delightful walks and drives, and is of such easy access.

I had resided some years in New York city and had become tired of its noise and bustle; it was therefore on Staten Island that I resolved to take up my abode after my marriage, the preliminaries of which were already arranged, and which was to "come off," as the phrase is, in the course of ten days.

I had selected, with the entire approbation of my fiancée, a cosy villa residence, which stood in a large, neatly laid-out garden, with a small orchard attached, near the shore and facing the bay, and which, taking into consideration its many advantages, I had secured at what I regarded as a very moderate rent.

I had not yet given up my lodgings in the city, however, and, on the Friday evening preceding the week that was to behold me the happiest of mankind, I was walking home from my office, when whom should I overtake but Silas Flukes, a brother litterateur, and sub-editor of the *Trumpet of Freedom*.

Now Silas Flukes, who was what is termed a Western Yankee, had taken upon himself the holy and happy bonds of matrimony some twelve or thirteen months before, and had thus got the advantage of me in this respect. Although it necessarily interrupted the pleasant flow of my thoughts—for I was naturally at such a time thinking of the beauty, amiability, and countless charms and graces of my beloved Emily—I was not sorry that I had fallen in with my friend Flukes. There were many little delicate matters respecting which I needed the advice which, of course, he, as a Benedict, was qualified to give; so I invited him home to drink a cup of tea at my lodgings—an invitation which he cordially accepted; and, linking arm in arm, we proceeded up Broadway together. Silas had much to say respecting the delights and comforts of married life, and I drank in eagerly every word that he, a man of experience, uttered upon the subject.

However, it was not, perhaps, to be expected that my friend—already twelve months married and a father—should confine his conversation exclusively to a subject respecting which I could have listened for hours; so, after a while, he began to question me relative to more prosaic matters, yet still connected with my anticipated change of condition.

"So the happy event is to come off?" said he, interrogatively.

"The first Saturday after Christmas—that is, to-morrow week," I replied.

"The furniture is purchased?" he continued.

"Pretty nearly everything. Many things I have purchased; others—more particularly those which may be regarded as being within the especial province of ladies to select—I, of course, left to Emily, who possesses a charming taste, and who is, in fact, the dearest, most amiable, and beautiful creature."

"Of course—of course," somewhat rudely interrupted my friend; "I understand all that. But to come down from the skies to th' dull, plodding earth: you are going to live in the country?"

"On Staten Island, as you are aware."

"Exactly. The country is somewhat lonesome at night-time."

"We shall have near and excellent neighbours on both sides. There are Colonel Dimsdale and Major Jones, both of whom live near us, and others all along the shore."

"Still, I repeat, the country, though very delightful, is somewhat lonesome at times. Having resided at Hoboken for twelve months, I ought to know. However, I only allude to the subject in order to inquire whether you have thought of providing yourself with the necessary means of defence—say against a midnight attack of thieves or burglars?"

"I have my gun—double-barrelled—you have seen it at my lodgings; and I have lately purchased a Colt's revolver and a bowie-knife, though I do not anticipate the necessity of using them."

"Very good things in their way, but only needed in close quarters; and, as you say, I hope there will never be a necessity to use them, though there have been of late several cases of burglary on Staten Island. The better plan is to be provided with the means of deterring rogues from approaching your dwelling after nightfall. Have you a dog?"

"My dear Emily has. A beautiful little King Charles's terrier—sharp as a needle. Pricks up his ears at the slightest out-of-the-way noise, and barks loud enough to waken the Seven Sleepers if he hears the footsteps of a stranger after dark."

"Bah! A mere poodle—a lady's pet! I don't allude to such useless animals as they are. Have you thought of providing yourself with a dog that will keep watch outside the house, and that is strong enough to pull a man down and keep him down, if he enters your premises after dark in a surreptitious manner?"

I was obliged to confess that I had not thought of providing myself with such a protector; and I added, moreover, that it was my opinion that a good watch-dog inside a house was a better pro-

tection against robbery than any number of big dogs outside, which I had frequently heard could be, and often were, poisoned or silenced by some means or other well known to those who make robbery their profession.

"Quite a mistake, my dear fellow," replied my friend. "That such things have rarely occurred as 'housings' dogs as well as men I allow; but a really good dog will not be tempted by any cajolery from defending his master's property. In a word, such a dog is the only sure preventive of burglary."

I am and always was of an easy disposition, and before we had arrived at my lodgings Silas had succeeded in persuading me into the belief that I had been unpardonably remiss and neglectful of the future safety of my beloved Emily in not providing myself with such a dog as he spoke of.

Having succeeded so far, he walked on for some distance in silence, while I was cogitating in my mind how I could repair my faulty forgetfulness and provide such an animal as was required.

Presently my friend spoke out again. "Such a dog as you need," said he, "is difficult to obtain. He must be young, or you will never succeed in attaching him to you and to your household so thoroughly as to cause him to regard your interests and your security as the chief objects of his existence. He must be big and strong, and have a terrific voice, that he may not only deter robbers from approaching your dwelling, but, should they by any means succeed in entering your premises, that he may be able to hold them fast until assistance arrives, or to tear them in pieces if necessary. He must be possessed of undaunted courage, and, while he presents a terrific aspect to evil-minded strangers, he must be good-natured, gentle, and loving to you and yours. He must be gifted with powers of discrimination, and be able readily to distinguish friends from foes, so that he may not inadvertently do mischief to your friends or to persons of respectability; and if, together with these inestimable qualities, he possess personal beauty—indeed, some consider that an essential—so much the better. He is then an ornament to your establishment, as well as the defender and protector of yourself and your property, household, and family. Provide yourself with such a noble animal as that I have described, my dear friend, and you will have secured a treasure."

"But where am I to find such a treasure?" I somewhat lugubriously inquired, as I thought over the different dogs I knew, in possession of my friends and others, none of which, in my belief, came up to the requisite standard.

"Such animals are to be procured, but they are costly and rare," replied my friend.

By this time we had reached my lodgings, and the thread of our discourse was necessarily temporarily broken. We sat down to tea, my thoughts still pondering over my remissness, and I suddenly exclaimed, as it were to myself, as I set my teacup down upon the tray, "Where on earth am I to find such a treasure?"

"They are rare, and costly," repeated Silas.

"That they are rare, I doubt not," I replied; "but as to the cost, I think nothing of that when the comfort or safety of my beloved Emily are concerned."

"I have such an animal," continued Silas. "To few would I part with him on any consideration; to none save yourself, and under your present peculiar circumstances, would I part with him unless for a very high figure indeed. But to you, my dear friend—to you I will sell him for sixty dollars. I shall be really giving him away at that figure. But friendship sometimes demands personal sacrifices."

"Sixty dollars!" I thought to myself—"something over twelve pounds sterling! 'Tis a tremendous price to pay for a dog. But, Emily, my beloved! never—never shall it be said that I hesitated to spend paltry dross where your happiness, comfort, or security were placed in the balance!" Then, addressing myself to Silas Flukes, I said aloud,

"My dear friend, I thank you! Emily herself shall thank you. I acknowledge the sacrifice you must make in parting with such a noble, generous animal, but I accept the sacrifice. The dog is mine. To-morrow I will hand you the sixty dollars."

"Better come over to Hoboken and dine with me to-morrow," said Silas. "That is Christmas Eve, you know, when we always like to have at least one friend with us; and my wife will be happy to see you. I will introduce you to the dog, and make you friends at once, and we will take him down to the ferry-boat together. You may as well carry him over to Staten Island forthwith, so that he may get used to the place before you settle down. I suppose there is some one in charge of the house?"

So it was arranged that I should cross the North River and dine with my friend at his pretty cottage at Hoboken the next day; that we should lead the dog together to the ferry-boat in the evening, and that I should proceed with him forthwith to Staten Island. The next day (Saturday) I arrayed myself with great care for the occasion. Mrs. Flukes was a very pretty woman. I had only met her twice or thrice, notwithstanding my long intimacy with her husband, and I wished to impress her favourably, especially on the eve of my marriage; for it was one of my plans for the future that she and my beloved Emily should become great friends. It would, I thought, be such an advantage to my dearest to have the advice of a somewhat experienced matron of twelve months' standing respecting the many little matters which young wives have to talk over. Moreover, as I was going to make a holiday of it, I resolved to call upon my fiancée, and spend an hour or two with her before I went to Hoboken. So you perceive there were more reasons than one wherefore I should desire to look my very best on such an occasion.

I should mention that I had written several tolerably-successful novels, the latest of which had made a more than ordinary stir amongst the novel-reading community. It was full of love—how could it be otherwise, considering that it was written while I was in the full tide of successful courtship myself?—and was otherwise highly sensational. The ladies of the fashionable boarding-house in Union-square, where I lodged, had been in the habit of forming sewing parties, or "bees," in the afternoons, during rainy or cold weather, and, while the others worked, one of the party—each taking her turn—read aloud. "Cupid's Darts; or, The Loves of Alcides and Zuleika," had been the last book that had occupied their attention, and they had been so highly gratified therewith that they had unitedly presented the talented author with a beautiful ebony cane, with a heavy gold head, on which his name was engraved in full. Of course, I carried this cane with me on this auspicious occasion, and, moreover, I purchased an immense wax doll, magnificently attired, and a pound of gingerbread nuts as an offering to little Miss Flukes, *à la* five weeks.

I spent, as I had anticipated, a delightful morning in the society of my adorable Emily, who, however, laughed heartily at my baby presents, and then betook myself to the Hoboken ferry, and was speedily borne across the North River and landed on the New Jersey shore, where I found my friend Silas Flukes awaiting my arrival. We walked together to his pretty cottage, where I met with a hearty welcome from his prettier wife, who looked, I fancied, more charming than ever in the pride of her youthful matronhood. As I gazed upon her I could not help peering, in imagination, into the future, and seeing my own sweet Emily—But, no matter. Some fancies are too sacred to be made public.

We soon sat down to a capital dinner, and after dinner Miss Arabella Flukes was brought from the nursery especially for my inspection. Of course, I went into raptures of admiration over the tiny specimen of baby humanity, and then presented my peace-offerings, at which Mrs. Flukes laughed as merrily as my dear Emily had done; though I could see nothing to laugh at, unless it were that the doll was a trifle bigger than the baby, and the gingerbread nuts would have sufficed for baby-food for a month, had Miss Arabella been possessed of teeth to bite them with.

After dinner, my friend Silas took me out into the garden to introduce me to the "treasure," and I duly, and with many thanks, handed him over the sixty dollars purchase-money. Not that I was particularly pleased when I saw the dog; but—as he

had said—my friend was making a great sacrifice for my especial benefit, and it behoved me to manifest at least an appearance of gratitude.

I am a man of extremely domestic habits, and never was particularly partial to dogs. Even my own dear Emily's pet sometimes caused me much annoyance when—as in duty bound—I fondled him on my knee, and the little brute snarled at me, and showed his sharp, white teeth. I was always in doubt whether he would bite me. Now the "treasure" was something portentous to look upon. He already stood nearly as high as a calf, and had a shaggy, many-coloured coat, somewhat resembling that of a mangy bear, though my friend assured me that he was little more than six months old, and had not yet attained his full growth.

"Where is his mother?" I inquired, feeling anxious to know to what enormous magnitude the brute was likely to attain.

"I got him, when he was quite a pup, from my brother in Kentucky," replied Silas. "I never saw his parents. That dog at which you are looking"—seeing my gaze directed towards a very aged, toothless, and nearly blind Newfoundland that was dozing in an adjacent kennel—"is no kin to Lion here. I have had poor old Hector," continued my friend, "nearly sixteen years—in fact, ever since I was a youngster at college—and the poor fellow has pretty nearly run to the end of his tether."

"He looks gentle—that is, he don't look very savage," said I, somewhat dubiously, alluding to Lion.

"He is gentle as a lamb to his friends," replied Silas; "but woe to the unfortunate wretch who shall approach him as a foe when he has attained his full growth."

"His appetite seems good," I went on, as I watched the big brute crunch between his powerful teeth an immense bone that Silas had thrown to him, and began mentally to calculate the probable cost of feeding such an enormous animal.

"His appetite is good," replied my friend. "Still, it costs me not more than sixteen cents a day to feed him; of course, not taking into account the value of the bones and scraps he gets from the parlour and kitchen. Without them I dare say that a quarter of a dollar a day would hardly suffice to keep him."

"Sixteen cents a day is over fifty-eight dollars a year," I mentally calculated; "to say nothing of the leavings of the household, which might help some poor family." But I thought it would seem ungrateful were I to complain on that score.

Lion and I were excellent friends immediately. Indeed, the big brute seemed too indolent, young as he was, to have much enmity in his disposition; but when he reared himself on his hind legs and placed his huge forepaws upon my shoulders, he tumbled me over upon my back into a puddle of dirty water, by his sheer weight and strength, as if I had been a child. "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Silas, as I picked myself up again, and gazed ruefully upon my soiled best coat and hat. "The young creature is exceedingly playful, and he has evidently taken a liking to you at once. You perceive his enormous weight and strength?"

"Yes," I replied; "he certainly is very strong. What breed is he?"

"I can hardly tell you. A cross, I think my brother Moses told me, between a Mount St. Bernard and a Spanish bloodhound."

"And his coat," said I. "It is so very shaggy, and of different lengths and colours, though a dingy brown predominates."

"It is so with all young dogs of his breed," replied my friend. "His father and mother were of a glossy jet black, and that will, doubtless, be his colour when he comes to shed his coat and attains his full size. He will then be a magnificent creature—quite a treasure for any one to possess."

I began already to wish my treasure at the bottom of the Hudson river, and my sixty dollars back in my pocket. But I said nothing, and we returned into the house; and, after my coat and hat had been brushed, I bade good-by to Mrs. Flukes, and Silas and I proceeded to the ferry, Silas leading—or rather, I should say, following—the dog, and holding on to a stout cord which was tied round the animal's burly throat.

The ferry was about half a mile distant from the cottage, down hill the greater portion of the way; and it was perfectly ludicrous to see Silas—a tall, raw-boned fellow, six feet high, at least—dragged like a little child at the dog's tail. No coaxing could persuade Lion to stop, or to proceed leisurely, like a civilized dog. Delighted with his freedom from the kennel, and possessed of all the exuberant spirits of youthful doghood, he persisted in dragging his late master after him at a round trot, to the vast amusement of the few pedestrians we met and of the folk at work in the fields, save when we came to a telegraph-post or a milestone, when he took especial pleasure in winding himself up round it, requiring a vast deal of patience and trouble to undo him again. At length Silas, though a good-tempered man in the main, lost all patience with the big brute.

"Lend me your cane," he said. "I'll make him mind his stops, or my name is not Flukes."

I put the cane into my friend's hand, and, in the heat of his passion, he hit the poor, playful animal such a violent blow that the cane broke short off, about six inches from the gold head, though Lion appeared to regard the blow no more than he would have cared for a fly that had lighted upon his shaggy coat.

Poor Silas was much annoyed. He deeply regretted having broken the cane, and though I felt for his evident distress (despite my own vexation), and begged him not to think anything of what was a mere accident, he insisted upon taking charge of the broken stick and getting it repaired.

"I know a man," he said, "who will take pains with it, if I take it to him, and in a day or two you shall have it back as good as new."

I was compelled to acquiesce in his wishes; and as the road was more level during the remainder of the journey, Lion behaved himself much better, and walked at a more leisurely pace, and we reached the ferry without further trouble. Here I shook hands with Silas, who left me on the boat, and returned towards his own home.

There is a large common known as "Elysium Fields," near Hoboken, which is frequently the resort of all the "roughs" and the riff-raff of the city of New York. There had been some sports going on in the fields that day, holiday amusements having already begun by that class of people who never did much else than amuse themselves at any time; and as it was growing late, the ferry-boat was crowded with as rough a set as could well be seen, intermingled with numerous respectable passengers. The passengers thronged around Lion, expressing as much admiration at his size, and as great curiosity at his appearance, as if he had been the young bear he so greatly resembled.

Whether Lion resented this impertinent curiosity, or whether he was pleased thereat, and desirous of showing himself off to advantage, I cannot say, but suddenly he sprang up from his crouching posture, and as I still retained hold of the cord round his neck, commenced twisting himself round among the crowd, and in a moment threw down several, amongst whom were an old reaman, with two wooden legs, from the "Sailors' Snug Harbour," on Staten Island, and a young woman, of the lowest class, with a baby in her arms.

"Shame, shame!" was the cry that saluted me on every side. "Throw the brute overboard, and his master after him!" The woman shrieked, the baby cried, and the old sailor vented his rage in frightful invectives and various personal remarks more forcible than polite. He declared that his legs were seriously injured, and that I should pay him for the damage they had sustained, or provide him with a new pair of timbers.

A crowd of ill-looking fellows gathered around me, with threatening demonstrations, and suggested various methods of punishing me and my dog for our misdeeds, while it was utterly in vain that I endeavoured to prove that the mishap was unintentional on my part, and expressed my regret that it had occurred. At length one big, burly fellow, with a broken nose and a black eye, exclaimed,

"Vell, if the genelman is a genelman, and don't want his head punched, as he deserves, he'll stand treat to all this yere company, and set matters right;" while, as he spoke, he threw him-

self into a pugilistic attitude, as if prepared immediately to act upon his suggestion should I decline the alternative.

I had no desire to reach the city with a pair of black eyes and a battered face, therefore I professed my willingness, so far as I was able, to make all right by treating the company. There is a bar on board all the Staten Island ferry-boats, and thither I proceeded, accompanied by as many of the lower class of passengers as could find standing room in the confined space, which, however, was far too limited to admit one third of those who strove to enter it. The barkeeper therefore proposed that the company should return to the deck to partake of the treat. I paid two dollars for a demijohn of Bourbon whisky, or "red-eye," as the vile, fiery liquor is appropriately termed in New York slang; and the steward served out a glassful to each and all who wished to partake of it. A present of half a dollar to the old sailor and another half-dollar to the young woman satisfied them, and I was permitted to remain quietly on deck during the remainder of the passage, several of my late detractors now extolling my generosity, and displaying somewhat too eager manifestations of friendship towards me.

No further mishap occurred, and I landed safely with my obnoxious charge at the New York quay. I was, however, followed up Day-street by all the ragamuffin boys in the vicinity of the ferry, who expressed their wonder as to what description of animal Lion was—the assertions that he was a bear and a dog being about equal. These youthful gamins were, however, highly delighted when Lion recommenced his strange amusement of twisting himself round every lamp or telegraph post that he encountered. He never ceased turning until he had completely wound himself up, and, in some instances, came near choking himself. Of course, to unwind him occupied a considerable time, and I was more than an hour in passing through Day-street into Broadway, and was more than once threatened with arrest by the police for creating a crowd and obstructing the thoroughfare. By the time I reached Broadway my patience was worn out. But for the thought of the sixty-three dollars already disbursed, and that I was enduring all my troubles for my dear Emily's sake, I would gladly have let go the cord and permitted the "treasure" to escape, and go whithersoever he pleased; and then, again, I reflected that he was quite a young animal, and might eventually prove to be all that my friend Silas Flukes had promised in his behalf. To proceed through Broadway with him to the Staten Island ferry, and to run the risk of some fresh mishap on board the ferry-boat, was, however, out of the question—at least that evening—so I bethought me of a certain dog-dealer, whose establishment was located in one of the by-streets off Broadway, and with this person I resolved to leave him for the night, and on the following day to hire a man to take him over to Staten Island. So many fresh difficulties, however, occurred before I reached the by-street in question that I altered my original intention; and, regardless of my beloved Emily's security in her future dwelling, and heedless of the expenses I had incurred, I made up my mind to sell Lion to the dog-fancier, even if I made a sacrifice on my own part, and obtained but half the original purchase-money. I experienced a strange relief in my mind as soon as I had arrived at this determination, and at length reached the dog-dealer's in safety with my charge.

The establishment in question was not much to look at. It was situated in a mean, dirty thoroughfare, and was merely an unfloored cellar, reached by a flight of dirty stone steps. A few woe-begone-looking animals of various species of the canine race were alone to be seen by the passers-by, fastened by ropes to ring-bolts in the walls. These poor animals, shivering and gasping, and casting piteous glances towards the street, while they occasionally vented their feelings by prolonged whines, or short, impatient barks, or low growls, alone gave evidence of the nature of the establishment. Moreover, I had heard that its proprietor was suspected of being a dog-thief as well as a dog-dealer; that he had, in fact, been more than once fined and imprisoned by the magistrates for his evil-doings. All this, however, was no concern of mine. I simply wished to dispose honestly of my "treasure," even though I incurred a loss by so doing. Fortunately, the proprietor was at home, seeking to dissipate the ill-fumes which arose from the cellar by means of the scarcely less disagreeable fumes of execrable tobacco which came from the short, black pipe he was smoking as he sat at the cellar door, coolly arrayed in his shirt-sleeves.

"I wish to sell you a dog," said I, stopping short opposite the filthy stone steps.

"What! that there critter?" exclaimed the dealer, eyeing Lion contemptuously, as he removed the pipe from his lips. "To pay me suthin' han'some, I rayther expect, for takin' such a specimen off yer hands?"

"No," I replied. "You know, as well as I do, that the dog is of a rare and valuable breed; and, for private reasons alone, I wish to sell him, though I shall probably lose money by so doing."

"Guess you will if yer gi'n more'n a dollar for him," replied the dealer with a sarcastic grin.

"Come," said I, "I want no bandying of words. Please to say at once what you can afford to give for the dog, and if your offer is at all reasonable I will accept it."

"Wa'al," said the man, "I shouldn't like to say more'n a quarter dollar; and then I reckon I should be the loser."

"Nonsense, man," I exclaimed. "Do you think that I have stolen the animal?"

"Steal him! Not a bit on't, Boss. Who'd go fur to steal sich a crittur as that? Nobody in'th senses, I reckon. 'Taint worth nothin' 'cept tew eat its head off with the price of its vittals."

"Come, no more of this," I said angrily. "You know the value of the dog well enough. Say at once whether you will purchase him at a fair price or not. If you will not, I will take him elsewhere."

Perceiving that I was really in earnest, the dealer came up the steps, examined the dog with the eye of a connoisseur, and at length said,

"Wa'al, Boss, I'll gin yer two dollars for the critter. Neither more'n less, and that's fair, and all I've got tew say."

I now saw that the man meant what he said, and, as a crowd of wretched-looking beings had by this time assembled opposite the cellar, and the dog and I were becoming alike the objects of unpleasant remarks, great as was the sacrifice I was about to make, and confident as I was that the dog-dealer was intending to cheat me, I resolved to accept the offer.

"Well, then, take him," said I. "I know that he is worth thirty times the amount you offer. But, unfortunately, I must part with the poor animal."

A loud guffaw from the crowd, in which the dog-dealer joined, was the only reply; and Lion was led—or, rather, dragged—down the steps into the cellar, to take his place among some half dozen other unhappy quadrupeds of his species. I followed to get my money; but when the dealer had secured the dog to one of the spare ringbolts in the wall, he turned to me, and said very coolly, "Tell yer what, Mister; yer'll have to trust me the two dollars till Monday, or some day when yer'll be passin' by this yer way. Not a blessed red cent have I got tew night. Trade's been uncommon bad o' late."

There was no alternative, save to saddle myself with the dog again, if the fellow and his sympathizing friends in the street would even permit me to take the brute away; so, merely saying, sulky,

"Well, I suppose I must call again for the two dollars," I ascended the steps, glad to breathe once more even the contaminated air of the filthy street. Several very uncomplimentary cheers from the crowd followed me, until at length I turned into Broadway, where, regardless of my mishaps and losses, I felt wonderfully relieved in having got quit of the incubus which for the last few hours had weighed upon my spirits like a nightmare. I had reached the Battery, and was about to cross over towards the Staten Island ferry, to inform my housekeeper that the expected dog

would not be forthcoming, when I felt a heavy hand laid upon my shoulder, and, turning round, I found myself in the grasp of a stalwart policeman, who informed me that I was his prisoner and must accompany him to the station-house.

"What for? On what charge?" I demanded indignantly.

"Yer know well enough what for, Mister," was the gruff reply. "I know yer for one of the swell-mob, and I suspect yer of havin' stul a waloable dog; and, moreover, with havin' caused obstructions in the public thoroughfares. So come along 'thout more ado," and he gave me a savage tug as he spoke.

I was as a mere child in his grasp. Some dozen people had already assembled around us, and I at once perceived that resistance would be useless. Under these circumstances, filled with horror at the idea of being dragged through the streets like a felon, I merely protested my innocence, and was foolish enough to offer the constable five dollars, in the hearing of the lookers-on, to let me go.

"There now! Do you hear?" he said, facing the crowd, and assuming a look of virtuous indignation. "This yer fash'nable-looking cove hev offered for tew bribe me tew let him go! No, no, my fine fellar. I knows my dooty, and tew the station-house you goes, sure as my name's Bill Haffett."

There was no help for it. To the police-station I was conducted—a crowd accompanying me, surprised as well as amused at seeing a man so fashionably attired arrested for the crime of dog-stealing. It was Saturday evening—Christmas Eve, remember—and I was to dine next day with the family of my Emily. The magistrates had long since quitted the police court, and I was conducted to a filthy cell, to be locked up, as the constable informed me, until Monday morning, in the delightful companionship of an aged and drunken seaman.

Oh, how bitterly I cursed in my heart my friend Silas Flukes, the dog, and my own weakness and folly! As to what my Emily would think when she heard of my disgrace, and what would be thought and said of me at my boarding-house, the idea was too painful to dwell upon. At length I recollected that I had heard or read something about bail being taken in cases similar to my own. Anything was preferable to remaining a prisoner in the filthy cell for thirty-six hours, unable to defend myself against the aspersions that would be cast upon my character in the meanwhile, or to explain the real cause of my arrest, and consequent absence from the festive board on Christmas Day.

To whom, however, could I apply? I knew many persons who, I believed, would willingly become my surety. But, unfortunately, most of them resided out of the city, either at Jersey City or Hoboken, both which places were in a separate state, and these persons would therefore be ineligible. The only persons I knew who would be satisfactory bail, and who were residents of the city, were my landlady at the boarding-house and the father of my fiancée. To them I at length, after much hesitation, resolved to apply, and to request them to bail me out of my durance vile. Some time elapsed ere I could gain the attention of a constable. At length, however, I was successful, and, by means of a dollar gratuity, induced the man to go forthwith to the residence of my Emily's father, in the Fifth-avenue, and to my boarding-house in Union-square, and state how matters stood, and request the prompt interference of my friends in my behalf.

Two anxious hours passed away, during which I was in torture at the thought of not being able to keep my Christmas Day engagement with Emily and her parents. At length, about nine o'clock, the cell door was thrown open, and I was permitted to go forth a free man until Monday morning, when I was to surrender myself to my bail and answer for my conduct at the bar of justice.

I hastened forthwith to the Fifth-avenue to explain the affair to the father of Emily, calling at my boarding-house on the way to thank my landlady for her prompt interference, and to tell her that I should not probably be home until after midnight. To my surprise, instead of meeting with the sympathy I expected, I was very coldly received by my landlady, and I almost fancied that she was half inclined to tell me that she would rather that I found lodgings elsewhere. Not even one of my fellow-boarders came forth to greet me. I was apparently shunned by everybody. I met, at first, with an equally cold reception from my future father-in-law. Nor was this any wonder, since, as I subsequently learned, the policeman had informed my friends that I had been arrested for dog-stealing, for kicking up a row on board the North River ferry-boat, for creating obstructions in the public thoroughfares, and for attempting to bribe the constable who had brought me to the station-house!

Even my fiancée looked shyly, though sorrowfully, upon me, as I caught a glimpse of her fair form and features as I passed through the hall into the parlour, and I saw that she was weeping. Some time elapsed ere I could explain matters to the satisfaction of my friends. Then, however, their previous distrust was changed into a general feeling of mirth at the thought of my foolish expenditure, and ludicrous, though to me sufficiently serious, troubles.

Of course, I duly made my appearance at the police court, where the recital of my adventures kept the Court and spectators in a roar of merriment for a full hour. I was, however, triumphantly acquitted of the charges preferred against me, and the policeman was severely reprimanded for his extraordinary officiousness.

But little more remains to be told. I chanced, on the following Tuesday, to be passing near the street in which the dog-merchant lived, and I turned into it, thinking that I might as well obtain my two dollars as leave them in the possession of the dealer. Besides, I was somewhat curious to learn what had become of Lion, or how he fared in his new quarters. The dog-dealer, however, had departed for parts unknown, carrying his live stock-in-trade with him; the establishment was closed, and my two dollars were, as the Yankees say, nowhere.

All, however, is well that ends well. The marriage duly came off on the appointed day, and I claimed as my own my beloved Emily—"my fair and beauteous bride." The wedding party included all the lady inmates and many of the gentlemen of my late boarding-house. My friend, Silas Flukes, and his wife were also present—self-invited guests, for, to tell the truth, I felt somewhat sore and offended with Silas, when I thought of the trouble he had caused me, and the useless expense he had subjected me to. However, I was too happy on that day to retain enmity towards any living creature in my heart, and Silas was readily forgiven, although he strenuously insisted that my troubles were of my own making; that I should have had more patience with poor Lion, and have taken him direct to my new abode on Staten Island, where, when he grew up, I would have found him all that a dog ought to be.

The wedding breakfast came to an end. The guests, with all manner of good wishes towards Emily and myself, departed to their respective homes, and soon afterwards Emily and I set forth for our villa on Staten Island, where we lived several years, and were never troubled with the thieves and burglars about whom Silas Flukes—for his own purposes, I can't help thinking—had so frightened me. And this was the upshot of the adventures of Lion and I on that unlucky Christmas Eve.

NEMO.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—With a view towards the completion of the collection of water-colour paintings illustrating the history of that art, Mr. William Smith, Vice-President of the National Portrait Gallery Trustees, has allowed Mr. Redgrave, R.A., the Inspector-General for Art, to select from his choice and valuable collection as many rare specimens as, in Mr. Redgrave's judgment, would illustrate the early period of this truly national art. The works selected by Mr. Redgrave have been presented by Mr. Smith to the nation.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.—A meeting of the British and Colonial Emigration Society's Committee was held at the Mansion House on Monday, the Lord Mayor presiding. Mr. Standish Haly, the hon. secretary, presented a report upon the results of his recent visit to Canada, which was listened to with much interest. In the course of the sitting it was mentioned incidentally that during the past three years the society had assisted more than 15,000 emigrants to reach Canada, and had expended upwards of £40,000.

THE LONDON TRAIN.

To hundreds of the overworked in London the present Christmas holiday will come as a boon to which they have long looked forward with joyous anticipation. Three days and a half to call their own, and a long-deferred round of visits to be paid to distant relations and dear friends. Blessings on the promoters of the Saturday half holiday! blessings on the instigator of the "Bank Holiday movement," and "more power to their elbows," that they may squeeze a little more breathing time for us out of the densely-packed year! There are still many employers, and not a few banking-houses, sadly in want of a City missionary. One of them, not long ago, made a law against the marriage of its clerks until they were in receipt of a certain salary, which, in such an establishment, was scarcely likely to be attained by regular progression until past middle age; and there are numberless firms who will still be compelled to keep their people at work because of the competition in business. It is this strenuous want of a general spirit of concession amongst employers which makes trade unions necessary as means of defence on the part of workmen. Still more is a trade association needed amongst employes engaged in the great commercial firms of our chief towns and cities.

A masters' union for the promotion of good will and for granting all reasonable concessions would be the best antidote in the world to the struggle of labour against capital. If employers of labour would institute an association for locking-in instead of locking-out, "strikes" would perhaps cease to be common. But there are other over-worked people who never think of striking. In fact, the phrase the "working classes," as used in England, is an expression absolutely pointless when taken literally. Almost all of us are over-worked. Look at Lord Chief Justice Bovill, and the Attorney-General, and Mr. Ballantine; and, in the midst of rest and jollity, remember poor Mr. Baigent! Joking apart, look at the great armies of lawyers, doctors, statesmen, actuaries, accountants, judges, stipendiary magistrates, schoolmasters, and pupil-teachers; and, little as the outer public may think it, let us add artists, engravers, writers for magazines, journalists, and men engaged in the vast work of producing the enormous current literature of the day. Why, when many of you, dear readers, will be in all the full tide of jollity on Christmas night (and here's a merry Christmas to you—bless you!) the present writer will probably be thinking about the leading article he is to write, that it may be printed on Tuesday; and when you reach home from the theatre on Boxing Night he will perhaps be shut up in a bare room, under a paralytic gas-jet, writing his account of what you and he have both seen, and describing the gorgeous scenery of the burlesque and the Clown's jokes, for the amusement of people all over the country. Well; we shall many of us leave London behind to-day, and perhaps more of us will get down to see our dear friends in the country by the first train from London on Monday morning. Perhaps the jolly engine-driver, with a hearty Christmas feeling, will have decorated his locomotive with emblematic holly; and there will be a fresh, genial, shake-hands-with-everybody sort of feeling that is so glad as to be very close to joyful crying. The "good-will towards men" seems to come so very close to us on Christmas morning when there are bright eyes, bright faces, loving hearts, warm hands, sturdy grasps of friendship, tender glances, and soft tones of love awaiting us and giving us the greeting of a cheer when they hear the snort and whistle of the London train.

THE WASHINGTON ALABAMA COMMISSION has decided that the United States Government is not liable for debts contracted by the Confederate Government.

POISONOUS CHRISTMAS CAKES.—On Friday week Professor Thorpe, of Anderson's University, Glasgow, while passing a pastry-baker's shop, near the centre of the city, observed in the window a Christmas cake garnished with a very suspicious green-coloured substance. He purchased the cake, and, on analysis, discovered that the green tint was produced by arsenic. On the following day the professor's assistant purchased two cakes similarly coloured. The police were informed of the circumstance, and, on the shop in question being searched, another cake of the same description was found. The proprietor of the shop admitted that he had painted part of the sugar ornamentation with what is called "emerald green," which he purchased in a dyer's shop in the city. He was taken into custody, last Saturday night, pending inquiry.

THE ROYAL SCOTS.—It does not seem to be generally known that a regiment called by some the 1st Foot, and by others "the 1st Royals" and "the Royal Regiment," is about to revert to its still more ancient designation, "the Royal Scots." Amid the many regiments called "Royal," the origin and distinctive character of the "oldest regiment in the world"—as Colonel Sir George Bell, who is an Irishman, calls it—have well nigh been forgotten. To the honour of the present officers be it recorded—the more honourable considering so few are natives of "the country north of the Tweed"—they have endeavoured to recall the history of the venerable corps, and his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge has intimated that he will submit the revival of the old name for her Majesty's approbation. This revival of the former title will be a gracious act on the part of the Sovereign, who was born in the regiment, of which her illustrious father, the Duke of Kent, commanded, and of which he spoke at a Scotch Corporation dinner, "that he had felt the greatest pride in commanding a Scotch regiment." Under the title of "The Royal Regiment," only the initiated who are confronted by "St. Andrew's effigy" at every turn, who listen to the regimental air ("Dumbarton's drums"), who peruse the aged *Army Lists*, and who notice the plate still stamped with the crest of "The Royal Scots," know the proud history of this regiment—that it was the "Scotch Guards" at the Court of Louis XI. in France, that it served under Gustavus Adolphus in Sweden, and similarly as a Scotch regiment in the armies of Holland and Denmark. With the corps the princely Scotch name of Douglas, and scarcely less distinguished ones of Gordon, Graham, and Hepburn, have been associated. Although the regiment has had little of the Scotch element in it for many years, no Highland regiment is so thoroughly identified with the history of Scotland as "The Royal Scots." It alone recalls "the stirring memories of a thousand years," and for many of those years it illustrated the adventurous spirit of Scotland's best sons. Why should all this be overlooked? Let us hope that this revival of an old name may be the prelude to the localisation of the corps in Scotland, and that "The Royal Scots" may summon to its ancient standard many a brawny Scot to do battle for the United Kingdom, against the union of which his ancestors would have done stout battle.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

THE SEAMEN'S HOSPITAL.—More than eighteen months have now elapsed since the Dreadnought authorities, by permission of the Lords of the Admiralty, moved their patients from the old ship to the Royal Infirmary of Greenwich Hospital. Since that time the records of the society go to show that, on medical and sanitary grounds, the change is a very decided improvement. The present quarters of our sick seamen consist of eighty-eight wards, most of which have but three beds each, instead of three wards as on the Dreadnought, containing collectively about two hundred beds, and communicating freely with each other by means of ladders, hatchways, and ventilating shafts. The infirmary, too, is furnished with bath-rooms and kitchens equal to those of any metropolitan hospital, and a laundry has recently been added to the establishment. It is reported that the number of admissions has, since the removal, been quite up to the average, and that the out-patients have increased, owing to the fact that there is no general hospital nearer to Greenwich than Guy's, and that the Seamen's Hospital cannot, on the score of humanity, decline to treat any serious casualties that are brought to their doors. It appears, however, that the change from ship to shore has involved the society in a very heavy expenditure, although they are still housed in a building that belongs to the nation. A sum of no less than £1990 was spent in furniture and fittings, which latter included £700 for railings of a particular pattern, got up by order of the Admiralty, in order to separate definitively the infirmary from the main buildings and grounds of Greenwich Hospital. The last report of the committee shows that the ordinary expenditure of the year amounted to £8930, which was decreased to £8217 by certain payments left to the Admiralty on account of some few helpless Greenwich pensioners left to the charge of the society. The general expenditure has considerably increased, for, owing to the large number of small wards, coal, gas, and nursing, form now very considerable items, and it appears that the subscriptions and donations have not, during the past year, risen in the same proportion. The Dreadnought may be classed as an eminently national institution. It has now existed more than half a century, and has during that time received upwards of 100,000 seamen of all nations. It is probable that the Franco-German war and the Captain disaster have diverted for the time being many donations that would otherwise have found their way into the coffers of the society. But this hospital affords shelter to a class so intimately connected with the prosperity of the country that it is not at all likely to languish for want of the funds wherewith to carry on its charitable uses and objects.

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